

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Dred. A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1856.
2. *American Slavery. A reprint of an Article on Uncle Tom's Cabin, and of Mr. Sumner's Speech of the 19th and 20th of May, 1856; with a notice of the events which followed that Speech.* 8vo. London, 1856.

IF Mrs. Stowe wrote for fame only, she would have been satisfied with the success of "Uncle Tom," and would not have risked her popularity by another negro-slave story. We believe that we owe "Dred" to a better motive, and that the highest literary reputation, or even the ovation which greeted Mrs. Stowe on her first visit to England, would all have been frankly risked for the great cause to which she devotes herself. "Dred," if it cannot add to the author's fame, is yet another and a striking picture of the evils of negro slavery, with this difference, that, while "Uncle Tom" represents these horrors suffered by the slave, "Dred" delineates the moral degradation, the bad feeling, the state of alarm and of civil conflict, the poverty and the misery of the master. We are reluctantly forced to believe that the most revolting characters in "Dred," such as Tom Gordon, hateful and repulsive as he is, cannot be rare in the Slave States, because the education and the influences which surround a Carolina planter from his childhood to his manhood all tend to produce just such an unmitigated ruffian. From infancy his mind is never controlled, and his bad passions are pampered and forced forward by interested flattery and by abject subservience. Young massa, as soon as he can totter about, is taught to wield a plaything whip, and to domineer over his "nigger" playfellows and attendants. His first lessons make him believe that he is the irresponsible master of every body and every thing, that his will is law, and that the world was made for his pleasure. As he grows older he is sent to a private school, and learns to read and write, and calculate in dollars and cents; and, having acquired this knowledge, all further education is considered unnecessary. He

receives none of the wholesome discipline of a public school, or the corrective association of a university, and returns to the paternal plantation just as his worst passions are developed to assist or to succeed his father in the exercise of absolute power. Is it likely that he can escape becoming such a creature as Mrs. Stowe has painted him?—ready to draw his bowie-knife and fire his revolver on his equals, or to abuse to the utmost the power which he has over his slaves?

Every newspaper which reaches us from America shows that this is the state of society in the Southern States—the outrage on Mr. Sumner, the civil war and murders in Kansas, are now historical facts. Law, order, and good government are put aside, and ruffianism and Lynch law predominate in their stead. It is true that the evil of slavery has existed more or less since the earliest traditions of the world, but religion and civilization have ever mitigated its worst evils; the serf has always been gradually educated and civilized, till his transition to a state of freedom was almost imperceptible; the process was slow but progressive, and hope was never extinguished. In the United States the distinctions of race and color have raised an insurmountable barrier to this only safe road to emancipation. It is the peculiarity of Anglo-American slavery that it is hopeless, and, as far as human laws can make it so, perpetual. Voluntary emancipation is so fettered by restrictions as to be almost impossible. Slave education is forbidden by penal enactments, and even Christianity is discouraged.

Such a social condition is far worse than that which existed in our West Indian colonies before the great act of emancipation. There human stock was never bred and trained for the market, no internal slave-trade severed families, and negroes were very rarely sold without the land. There there were no legal restrictions on emancipation, and a master could educate and civilize and Christianize his slaves if he chose to do so. The proprietor again of a sugar estate in Jamaica or Barbadoes was a very different person from the Carolina cotton-planter. In

the West Indies the colonists used almost always to send their children to England, or "home," as they loved to say, for education; and years at a public school, very often succeeded by Oxford or Cambridge, restored the young planter to the colony an educated gentleman, his mind chastened and enlarged by English experiences, with English habits and principles, and therefore prepared to do all in his power to civilize and Christianize the serfs on his estate. When he married, his wife was also probably educated in England, and her influence, as far as it went, had the same good tendencies. No doubt cases of injustice and cruelty did occur, for human nature can never be safely intrusted with absolute power; but still slavery was not so hateful or so brutifying as in America. And the consequence was, that the bold act of emancipation in 1834 was achieved without any serious difficulty, and that the slave of yesterday became first the apprentice, and then the hired laborer that he has since remained. So great a transition could not have been accomplished without conflicts, and insurrection, and bloodshed, if the West Indian slaves had not lost much of their original African ignorance and ferocity, and had not been educated and prepared for the enormous change. The American slave-owners have resolved that any like peaceable revolution shall be with them impossible, and hence the jealous precautions which remorselessly extinguish all teaching or civilization on their plantations, and guard the approach to the tree of knowledge by vigilance societies and Lynch law. As Judge Clayton is made to say in the novel before us:

"No reform is possible unless we are prepared to give up the institution of slavery, and this is so realized by the instinct of self-preservation, which is unerring in its accuracy, that every such proposition will be ignored till there is a settled conviction in the community that the institution itself is a moral evil, and a sincere determination felt to be free from it."

There is not so much story in "Dred" as in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but it is more uniformly and intensely painful: here and there the gloom is broken by the irresistible humor of one of the author's pet negro characters, but the momentary gleam only contrasts with the black moral thunder-cloud from which it issues. Interesting characters

are only introduced to suffer wrong and persecution; our sympathy is overtaxed throughout; and if there is no one description so painful as Tom's death, yet our feelings are allowed none of the relief of a brighter conclusion.

The most carefully elaborated picture is Nina, the heroine. Mrs. Stowe has been kind enough to assist our criticisms by telling us herself what was the character which she intended to paint. This is the description of Nina by Mr. Clayton, her lover:

"I'll tell you just what it is: Nina Gordon is a flirt and a coquette—a spoiled child, if you will. She is not at all the person I ever expected would obtain any power over me. She has no culture, no reading, no habits of reflection; but she has, after all, a certain tone and quality to her, a certain "*timbre*," as the French say of voices, which suits me. There is about her a mixture of energy, individuality, and shrewdness, which makes her, all uninformed as she is, more piquante and attractive than any woman I ever fell in with. She never reads; it is almost impossible to get her to read; but, if you can catch her ear for five minutes, her literary judgments have a peculiar freshness and truth. And so with her judgment on all other subjects, if you can stop her long enough to give you an opinion. As to heart, I think she has yet a wholly unawakened nature. She has lived only in the world of sensation, and that is so abundant and so buoyant in her that the deeper part still sleeps. It is only two or three times that I have seen a flash of this under-nature look from her eyes and color her voice and intonation. And I believe—I'm quite sure—that I am the only person in the world that ever touched it at all. I'm not at all sure that she loves me *now*, but I'm almost equally sure that she will."

"They say," said Russel, carelessly, "that she is generally engaged to two or three at a time."

"That may be also," said Clayton, indolently. "I rather suspect it to be the case now, but it gives me no concern. I've seen all the men by whom she is surrounded, and I know perfectly well there's not one of them that she cares a rush for."

"Well, but, my dear fellow, how can your extreme fastidious moral notions stand the idea of her practising this system of deception?"

"Why, of course, it isn't a thing to my taste; but then, like the old parson, if I 'love the little sinner,' what am I to do? I suppose you think it a lover's paradox; yet I assure you, though she deceives, she is

not deceitful; though she acts selfishly, she is not selfish. The fact is, the child has grown up *motherless*, and an heiress, among servants. She has, I believe, a sort of an aunt, or some such relative, who nominally represents the head of the family to the eye of the world. But I fancy little madam has had full sway. Then she has been to a fashionable New York boarding-school, and that has developed the talent of shirking lessons, and evading rules with a taste for side-walk flirtation. These are all the attainments that I ever heard of being got at a fashionable boarding-school, unless it be a hatred of books, and a general dread of literary culture.”—*Dred*, i. 18.

Mrs. Stowe is fond of contrast, and in Nina she has used, until she has almost abused, this powerful instrument. Nina is contrasted with her formal, precise, selfish aunt, with her calm sober lover, with her brothers, one thoughtful and prudent, and therefore opposed to her intellectually, the other fierce and sensual, and therefore opposed to her morally. Above all, she is contrasted with herself. The union of frivolous and heroic qualities, of careless vanity and unflinching self-devotion, of the fear of trouble and the contempt of death, of fragility of form and strength of will, is so attractive that we cannot wonder if the artist has sometimes been tempted to make her lights too bright and her shadows too dark for reality. The sudden possession of power, the first awakening of love, the feeling of responsibility, and the consciousness of danger, which elevate and strengthen those whom they do not unnerve or depress, may work great and almost sudden changes. They may do so even in our apathetic climate, still more so in the rapid life of the Tropics. But we doubt whether in three months' time they could raise the childish, uneducated, illiterate coquette of the first chapter into the saintly heroine of the 13th. We have given the hero's portrait of the heroine,—we will now give hers of him, not so much for the purpose of illustrating his character as of exhibiting hers:

“He's one of your high-and-mighty people, with such deep-set eyes—eyes that look as if they were in a cave—and such black hair! and his eyes have a desperate sort of sad look, sometimes quite Byronic. He's tall and rather loose-jointed; has beautiful teeth; his mouth, too, is—well, when he smiles, sometimes it really is quite fasci-

nating; and then he's so different from other gentlemen. He's kind, but he don't care how he dresses, and wears the most horrid shoes. And then, he isn't polite; he won't jump, you know, to pick up your thread or scissors; and sometimes he'll get into a brown study, and let you stand ten minutes before he thinks to give you a chair, and all such provoking things. He isn't a bit of a lady's man. Well, the consequence is, as my lord won't court the girls, the girls all court my lord—that's the way, you know. And they seem to think it's such a feather in their cap to get attention from him, because, you know, he's horrid sensible. So, you see, that just set me out to see what I could do with him. Well, you see, I wouldn't court him, and I plagued him, and laughed at him, and spited him, and got him gloriously wroth; and he said some spiteful things about me, and then I said some more about him, and we had a real up-and-down quarrel; and then I took a penitent turn, you know, and just went gracefully down into the valley of humiliation—as we witches can—and it took wonderfully, brought my lord on his knees before he knew what he was doing. Well, really, I don't know what was the matter just then, but he spoke so earnest and strong that actually he got me to crying—hateful creature!—and I promised all sorts of things, you know, said altogether more than will bear thinking of.”

“And are you corresponding with all these lovers, Miss Nina?”

“Yes; isn't it fun? Their letters, you know, can't speak; if they could, when they come rustling together in the bag, wouldn't there be a muss?”

“Miss Nina, I think you have given your heart to the last one.”

“O, nonsense, Harry! Haven't got any heart! Don't care two pins for any of them! All I want is to have a good time. As to love and all that, I don't believe I could love any of them. I should be tired to death of any of them in six weeks; I never liked any thing that long.”—i. 4.

We must of course grant to Mrs. Stowe every hypothesis which she can claim. We must allow her to assume that nature endowed Nina with her choicest gifts, an intrepid heart, an acute intellect, a strong will, and an affectionate and generous disposition, and that the unfavorable circumstances of her early life did their best or their worst to counteract nature. Still we cannot easily believe that the worst education, that of a Carolina plantation and of a New York boarding-school, would have de-

praved such admirable materials into a vulgar flirt, or, on the other hand, that a few weeks spent with Clayton and his sister, and a few chapters of the New Testament read with old Tiff, could have raised the vulgar flirt into the glorious being who interposes between the pestilence and its prey, and falls a willing victim in the cause of her people.

It is possible, however, that our criticism may be too severe. It is possible that what to European readers appears the most offensive vulgarity of sentiment and of expression may be a fair representation of an average American young lady. But if Mrs. Stowe is writing for posterity, if she wishes her works, after they have served their immediate purpose of anti-slavery pamphlets, to take a permanent place in English literature, she must devote to the task of adapting these to the taste of the best educated part of the English public far more labor than she has as yet bestowed on them. To make the latter scenes of Nina's life as probable to us as they are charming, she must greatly modify or even expunge the former ones. We venture also to advise her to cut out the greater part of Nina's comments on herself. There are, without doubt, many persons with high qualities, moral as well as intellectual, whose mental eye is always turned inward—whose favorite subjects of observation are themselves. But such persons want the gay joyousness, the delight in the present, the blindness to the future, the carelessness for improvement, the insensibility of past errors, and the indifference to future ones, which Nina is always proclaiming in her earlier self-exhibitions. In general, indeed, such demonstrations operate inversely. They lead us to suspect that the paraded qualities are really wanting. We instinctively believe the man who is always talking of his courage to be a coward, and him who boasts his liberality to be a miser. Another objection to this mode of displaying a character is its clumsiness—its want of artistic skill. The highest art, of course, is shown by letting the qualities of every agent be inferred solely from his conduct. No one is described in the "Iliad." Inferior poets are forced to explain to us the feelings and the objects of their personages, and set them in motion principally in order to illustrate the previ-

ous descriptions. This is the great expedient of Fielding. Allworthy, Sophia, Square, and Thwackum are known to us rather by what is said of them than by what they do. Dramatic poets, who cannot speak in their own persons, substitute soliloquy—a less satisfactory and less real instrument, but still, as we see in Hamlet and in Richard III., an effectual one. To make them themselves explain, while talking to others, what manner of people they are, is the last and worst resource. We are offended by it as unnatural, and despise it as easy.

Another improvement would be the retarding the pace of the story. Nina's transformation in three months is absurd. Diffused over three years, it would be perhaps not probable, but possible. And as there is really no plot, as the different scenes are connected only by the identity of the persons who talk, act, and suffer in them, this might be done by merely the change of a few words, by merely substituting years for months.

Among these scenes perhaps the most exquisitely painted is the last. "Nothing in Nina's life becomes her like the leaving it." In less skilful hands a death by cholera would have been frightful. Mrs. Stowe, with consummate judgment, has cast a veil over all that is horrible, and exhibits only scenes that are not too painful for sympathy. Nina resembles Niobe—her anguish, is not allowed to impair her beauty. At the risk of reproducing to the reader what he knows by heart, we will extract the death-scene. Clayton, having been summoned by the news that cholera is in his mistress' plantation, is reposing from the fatigue of a night's travelling:

"A low tap at his door at last aroused him. The door was partly open, and a little hand threw in a half-opened spray of monthly rose-buds.

"'There's something to remind you that you are yet in the body!' said a voice in the entry. 'If you are rested, I'll let you come down now.'

"And Clayton heard the light footsteps tripping down the stairs. He roused himself, and, after some little attention to his toilet, appeared on the veranda.

"'Tea has been waiting for some time,' said Nina. 'I thought I'd give you a hint.'

"'I was lying very happy, hearing you.

sing,' said Clayton. 'You may sing me that song again.'

"Was I singing?" said Nina; 'why, I didn't know it! I believe that's my way of thinking sometimes. I'll sing to you again after tea. I like to sing.'

"After tea they were sitting again in the veranda, and the whole heavens were one rosy flush of filmy clouds.

"How beautiful!" said Nina. 'It seems to me I've enjoyed these things, this summer, as I never have before. It seemed as if I felt an influence from them going through me, and filling me as the light does those clouds!'

"And as she stood looking up into the sky, she began singing again the words that Clayton had heard before:

"I am come from the happy land,
Where sorrow is unknown;
I have parted a joyous band
To make thee mine own.

"Haste, haste, fly with me,
Where love's banquet waits for thee;
Thine all sweet shall be,
Thine, thine, alone.

"The summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose-leaf must fall——"

She stopped her singing suddenly, left the veranda, and went into the house.

"Do you want any thing?" said Clayton.

"Nothing," said she, hurriedly; 'I'll be back in a moment.'

"Clayton watched, and saw her go to a closet in which the medicines and cordials were kept, and take something from a glass.

"He gave a start of alarm.

"You are not ill, are you?" he said, fearfully, as she returned.

"O, no! only a little faint. We have become so prudent, you know, that, if we feel the least beginning of any disagreeable sensation, we take something at once. I have felt this faintness quite often—it isn't much."

"Clayton put his arm around her, and looked at her with a vague yearning of fear and admiration.

"You look so like a spirit," he said, 'that I must hold you.'

"Do you think I have a pair of hidden wings?" she said, smiling, and looking gaily in his face.

"I am afraid so," he said. 'Do you feel quite well now?'

"Yes—I believe so—only—perhaps, we had better sit down. I think, perhaps, it is the reaction of so much excitement makes me feel rather tired."

"Clayton seated her on the settee by the door, still keeping his arm anxiously around

her. In a few moments she drooped her head wearily on his shoulder.

"You are ill!" he said, in tones of alarm.

"No!" she said, 'no! I feel very well, only a little faint and tired. It seems to me it is getting a little cold here, isn't it?' she said, with a slight shiver.

"Clayton took her up in his arms without speaking, carried her in, and laid her on the sofa—then rang for Harry and Milly.

"Get a horse instantly," he said to Harry, as soon as he appeared, 'and go for a doctor.'

"There's no use in sending," said Nina; 'he is driven to death, and can't come. Besides, there's nothing the matter with me, only I am a little tired and cold. Shut the doors and windows, and cover me up. No, no! don't take me up stairs; I like to lie here. Just put a shawl over me, that's all—I am thirsty—give me some water.'

"The fearful and mysterious disease, which was then in the ascendant, has many forms of approach and development. One, and the most deadly, is that which takes place when a person has so long and gradually imbibed the fatal poisons of an infected atmosphere, that the resisting powers of nature have been insidiously and quietly subdued, so that the subject sinks under it, without any violent outward symptom, by a quiet and certain yielding of the vital powers; such as has been likened to the bleeding to death by an internal wound. In this case, before an hour had passed, though none of the violent and distressing symptoms of the disease appeared, it became evident that the seal of death was set on that fair young brow. A messenger had been dispatched, riding with the desperate speed which love and fear can give, but Harry remained in attendance.

"Nothing is the matter with me—nothing is the matter," she said, 'except fatigue and this change in the weather; if I only had more over me—and perhaps you had better give me a little brandy, or some such thing. This is water, isn't it, that you have been giving me?'

"Alas! it was the strongest brandy, but there was no taste, and the hartsorn that they were holding had no smell. And there was no change in the weather; it was only the creeping deadness affecting the whole outer and inner membranes of the system. Yet still her voice remained clear, though her mind occasionally wandered. There is a strange impulse, which sometimes comes in the restlessness and distress of dissolving nature, to sing, and, as she lay with her eyes closed, apparently in a sort of trance, she would sing over and over again the

verse of the song which she was singing when the blow of the unseen destroyer first struck her :

“The summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose-leaf must fall;
But in our land joy wears no shroud—
Never doth it pall.”

“At last she opened her eyes, and, seeing the agony of all around, the truth seemed to come to her.

“‘I think I’m called,’ she said. ‘O! I’m so sorry for you all. Don’t grieve so. My Father loves me so well, He cannot spare me any longer. He wants me to come to Him—that’s all. Don’t grieve so. It’s home I’m going to—home. ’Twill be only a little while, and you’ll come too, all of you. You are satisfied, are you not, Edward?’

“And again she relapsed into the dreamy trance, and sung, in that strange, sweet voice, so low, so weak :

“‘In our land joy wears no shroud—
Never doth it pall.’

“‘She doesn’t suffer: thank God, at any rate, for that!’ said Clayton, as he knelt over her in anguish.

“A beautiful smile passed over her face as she opened her eyes and looked on them all, and said: ‘No, my poor friends, I don’t suffer, I’m come to the land where they never suffer. I’m only so sorry for you, Edward,’ she said to him. ‘Do you remember what you said to me once? It has come now—you must bear it like a man. God calls you to some work—don’t shrink from it. You are baptized with fire; it all lasts only a little while—it will be over soon, very soon. Edward, take care of my poor people! tell Tom to be kind to them. My poor, faithful, good Harry!—O, I’m going so fast!’

“The voice sunk into a whispering sigh. Life now seemed to have retreated to the citadel of the brain. She lay apparently in her last sleep, when the footsteps of the doctor were heard on the veranda. There was a general spring to the door; and Doctor Butler entered, pale, haggard, and worn, from constant exertion and loss of rest. He did not say in words that there was no hope, but his first dejected look said it but too plainly. She moved her head a little—like one who is asleep—uneasily upon her pillow, opened her eyes once more, and said, ‘Good-by!’ ‘I will arise and go to my Father.’”

“The gentle breath gradually became fainter and fainter. All hope was over! The night walked on with silent and solemn footsteps, and soft showers fell without, murmuring upon the leaves. Within, all was still as death.”—II. 135.

Next to Nina the author’s favorite character appears to be Tiff. Like Topsy, Tiff could have grown up nowhere but in a Slave State. Indeed, he is still more peculiar than Topsy; for he could have been produced only in the peculiar circumstances of Virginia. His intense aristocratical passions; his contempt for poor whites and even for rich whites whose riches are recent; his pride as “a Peyton nigger,” and absence of fellow-feeling with any other negroes, except those bred “in the grand old families;” his devotion to his mistress and to her children, and utter indifference to his own comfort, and even to his own life, except as something to be expended for their service; his unreflecting buoyancy of spirits, and his unreasoning faith that all the wants of the Peyton children will be miraculously supplied,—form together a picture strange and grotesque, but yet probable. Nothing of the kind was ever seen in Europe, or ever described there. Yet the reader admits at once that, under the given circumstances, such a being might exist.

Mrs. H. Stowe’s theories as to a special Providence seem to be vacillating. Sometimes she appears to disbelieve it :

“We passed,” she says in her “Sunny Memories,” “Kinsale, where the ‘Albion’ was lost. I well remember, when a child, the newspapers being filled with the dreadful story of the wreck. How for hours, rudderless and helpless, they saw themselves driving, with inevitable certainty, against these pitiless rocks; and how, in the last struggle, one human being after another was dashed against them in helpless agony. What an infinite deal of misery results from man’s helplessness and Nature’s inflexibility in this one matter of crossing the ocean! What agonies of prayer there were during all the long hours that this ship was driving straight on these fatal rocks, all to no purpose! It struck and crushed just the same.”—*Sunny Memories*, chap. 2.

But when Mrs. Stowe escapes from reality to fiction, and rules a world of her own, we hear no more of the inflexibility of Nature. Tiff has fled, with his protégés the Peyton children, from the brutality of their father and stepmother, and lies down with them, without money, food, or shelter, in the outskirts of the Dismal Swamp :

“When Fanny and Teddy were both asleep, old Tiff knelt and addressed himself to his prayers; and, though he had neither

prayer-book, nor cushion, nor formula, his words went right to the mark in the best English he could command for any occasion; and, so near as we could collect from the sound of his words, Tiff's prayer ran as follows:

"O, good Lord, now, please do look down on dese yere chil'en. I started them out as you tells me, and now where we is to go, and where we is to get any breakfast, I'm sure I don't know. But O, good Lord, you has got every thing in de world in your hands, and it's mighty easy for you to be helping on us, and I has faith to believe that you will. O, blessed Lord Jesus, that was carried off into Egypt for fear of the king Herod, do pray look down on dese yere poor chil'en, for I'm sure dat ar woman is as bad as Herod any day. Good Lord, you have seen how she has been treating on them, and now do pray open a way for us through de wilderness to de promised land. Everlasting—Amen."

"The last two words Tiff always added to his prayers from a sort of sense of propriety, feeling as if they rounded off the prayer, and made it, as he would have phrased it, something more like a white prayer. We have only to say to those who question concerning this manner of prayer, that, if they will examine the supplications of patriarchs of ancient times, they will find that, with the exception of the broken English and bad grammar, they were in substance very much like this of Tiff.

"The Bible divides men into two classes, those who trust in themselves, and those who trust in God. The one class walk by their own light, trust in their own strength, fight their own battles, and have no confidence otherwise. The other, not neglecting to use the wisdom and strength which God has given them, still trust in His wisdom and His strength to carry out the weakness of theirs. The one class go through life as orphans, the other have a Father. Tiff's prayer had at least this recommendation, that he felt perfectly sure that something was to come of it. Had he not told the Lord all about it? Certainly he had, and of course he would be helped. And this confidence Tiff took, as Jacob did a stone, for his pillow, as he lay down between his children and slept soundly."—II. 173.

Of course, as every experienced novel-reader foresees, Tiff's prayer is answered. Dred, the phantom-like being from whom the work takes its name, suddenly appears—as he usually does throughout the story when and where he is wanted—carries them to his village of refuge in the recesses of the Swamp, where they are safe till a vessel

conveys them to New York, and an old aunt dies to enrich them.

Dred himself has been generally thought a failure, and we are not inclined to disturb the verdict. In some of his rhapsodies he crosses the narrow line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. In others, he passes the broad one which distinguishes sense from nonsense. What is the meaning of "the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness"? (I. 223) or of "the bow is made quite naked according to the oaths of the tribes"? (II. 129); or of this denunciation, which, we are told, "impressed Clayton strangely"?

"Every day is full of labor, but the labor goeth back again into the seas; so that travail of all generations hath gone back; till the Desire of all nations shall come—and he shall come with burning and with judgment and with greatshakings; but the end thereof shall be peace. Wherefore it is written that in the new heavens and the new earth there shall be no more sea."—II. 307.

What he does is as disappointing as what he says. He receives in his lurking-place in the Dismal Swamp the fugitives whom Mrs. Stowe, having no other means of providing for them, sends to Canada; he starts up opportunely whenever a wanderer is to be guided or a murder to be interrupted. He traverses the forest on foot, or, springing from bough to bough, announces, in the strange language of which we have given specimens, wrath and woe and destruction; and, when he last appears, is seen dying of a wound received in some undescribed combat.

Mrs. Stowe belongs to a clerical family. Her husband is a clergyman, and so, we believe, is her brother. Of the evils which slaveholding inflicts on slaveholders, none seems to affect her more deeply, to excite more her indignation and her contempt, than the perversion of the religious feelings of the community, of the clergy as well as of the laity, and the wretched sophistry by which the Bible is wrested to support the worst use of the worst institution which the Pagan world has bequeathed to the Christian one. The 18th and 19th chapters of the second volume, entitled "A Clerical Conference" and "The Result," are masterly and far from exaggerated representations of the manner in which interest, timidity, ambition, and party spirit can blunt the per-

ceptions and distort the reason. The scene is laid at the breakfast-table of Dr. Cushing. The *dramatis personæ*, besides Clayton, are Dr. Cushing, Dr. Packthread, Dr. Calker, Father Dickson, and Father Bonnie—all Presbyterian ministers, some belonging to the northern and some to the southern of the two General Assemblies into which that Church is divided. Dr. Cushing is an amiable, intelligent man, whom the desire of sympathy and the fear of giving pain render the accomplice, or at least the tolerator, of crimes which would excite the indignation of the most careless European layman.

"Dr. Shubael Packthread," says Mrs. Stowe, "was constitutionally a kindly man, with fair abilities, fairly improved. Long habits, however, of theological and ecclesiastical controversy had cultivated his acuteness into such disproportioned activity, that other parts of his intellectual and moral nature had been dwindled and dwarfed beside it. He was a cunning master of all forms of indirection of speech, by which people appear to say what they do not say, and not to say what they do say. He was an adept in all the mechanism of ecclesiastical debate, of the intricate labyrinths of heresy-hunting, of every scheme by which more simple and less-advised brethren, speaking in ignorant sincerity, may be entrapped and deceived. He was *au fait* in all compromise measures in which two parties unite in one form of words, meaning by them exactly opposite ideas, and call the agreement a union. It is not to be supposed that the Rev. Dr. Packthread, so skilful and adroit as we have represented him, failed in the necessary climax of such skill—that of deceiving himself. Far from it. Truly and honestly Dr. Packthread thought himself one of the hundred forty and four thousand who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, in whose mouth is found no guile. Prudence he considered the chief of Christian graces. He worshipped Christian prudence, and the whole category of accomplishments which we have described he considered as the fruits of it. His prudence, in fact, served him all the purposes that the stock of the tree did to the ancient idolator: 'With part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, A ha, I am warm, I have seen the fire. And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.' No doubt Dr. Packthread expected to enter heaven by the same judicious management by which he had lived on earth; and thus

he went on from year to year, doing deeds which even a political candidate would blush at, violating the most ordinary principles of morality and honor, while he sung hymns, made prayers, administered sacraments: expecting, no doubt, at last to enter heaven by some neat arrangement of words used in two senses.

"Dr. Calker," says Mrs. Stowe, "was a man of powerful though narrow mind, of great energy and efficiency, and of that capability of abstract devotion which makes the soldier or the statesman. He was earnestly and sincerely devout, as he understood devotion. He began with loving the Church for God's sake, and ended with loving her better than God; and by the Church he meant the organization of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Her cause in his eyes was God's cause. Her glory, God's glory. Her success, the indispensable condition of the millennium. Her defeat, the defeat of all that was good for the human race. His devotion to her was honest and unselfish. Of course Dr. Calker estimated all interests by their influence on the Presbyterian Church. He weighed every cause in the balance of her sanctuary. What promised extension and power to her, that he supported. What threatened defeat or impediment, that he was ready to sacrifice. He would at any day sacrifice himself and all his interests to that cause, and he felt equally willing to sacrifice others and their interests. The anti-slavery cause he regarded with a simple eye to this question. It was a disturbing force, weakening the harmony among brethren—threatening disruption and disunion. He regarded it, therefore, with distrust and aversion. He would read no facts on that side of the question; and when the discussions of zealous brethren would bring frightful and appalling statements into the General Assembly, he was too busy in seeking what could be said to ward off their force, to allow them to have much influence on his own mind."

Father Bonnie and Father Dickson are simpler characters. Father Dickson is a self-devoted Christian minister, deeply impressed by the evils of slavery, and ready at any sacrifice to escape from them. Father Bonnie is a Protestant Friar Tuck—large, athletic, sanguine, high-spirited, ignorant, prejudiced, unreflecting, who passes joyously through this life, threatening eternal punishment to all gamblers, drinkers, swearers, and cheaters, or, to use his own words, "coming down on them with the thunders of Sinai," but confident that slavery and slave-trading are divine institutions; and that,

"if St. Paul had lived in our times he would have led about with him a drove of niggers" (i. 310).

The conference begins by a lamentation by Dr. Calker over the separation of the Presbyterian Church into two General Assemblies, and an earnest wish for reunion:

"Well," said Dr. Cushing, 'it's nothing but the radical tone of some of your abolition fanatics that stands in the way. These slavery discussions in General Assembly have been very disagreeable and painful to our people, particularly those of western brethren. They don't understand us—nor the delicacy of our position. They don't know that we need to be let alone in order to effect any thing. Now I am for trusting to the softening, meliorating influences of the Gospel. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. I trust that in His mysterious providence the Lord will see fit, in His own good time, to remove this evil of slavery. Meanwhile brethren ought to possess their souls in patience.'

"Brother Cushing," said Father Dickson, 'it does seem to me that this silent plan does not answer. We are not half as near to emancipation apparently as we were in 1818.'

"Has there ever been any attempt," said Clayton, 'among the Christians of your denominations to put a stop to this internal slave-trade?'

"Well," said Dr. Cushing, 'I don't know that there has, any farther than general preaching against injustice.'

"Have you ever made any movement in the church to prevent the separation of families?" said Clayton.

"No, not exactly; we leave that thing to the conscience of individuals. The synods have always enjoined it on professors of religion to treat their servants according to the spirit of the Gospel.'

"Has the church ever endeavored to influence the legislature to allow general education?" said Clayton.

"No; that subject is fraught with difficulties," said Dr. Cushing. 'The fact is, if these rabid northern abolitionists would let us alone, we might perhaps make a movement on some of these subjects; but they excite the minds of our people, and get them into such a state of inflammation that we cannot do any thing.'

"Ever since 1835," said Dr. Packthread, 'these fellows have been pushing and crowding in every Assembly, and we have stood faithfully in our lot, to keep the Assembly from doing any thing which could give offence to our southern brethren. We have always been particular to put them forward

in our public services, and to show them every imaginable deference. I think our brethren ought to consider how hard we have worked. We had to be instant in season and out of season, I can tell you. I think I may claim some little merit,' continued the doctor, with a cautious smile spreading over his face. "If I have any talent, it is a capacity for the judicious use of language. Now, sometimes, brethren will wrangle a whole day, till they all get tired and sick of the subject, and then, just let a man who understands the use of terms step in, and sometimes, by omitting a single word, he will alter the whole face of an affair."

"I told the brethren we had better get it on to the ground of the reserved rights of Presbyteries and Synods, and decline interfering. Well, then, that was going very well, but some of the brethren very injudiciously got up a resolution in the Assembly, recommending disciplinary measures for dancing. That was passed without much thought, because, you know, there's no great interest involved in dancing, and of course there's nobody to oppose such a resolution; but then it was very injudicious under the circumstances, for the abolitionists made a handle of it immediately, and wanted to know why we couldn't as well recommend a discipline for slavery, because, you see, dancing isn't a *sin per se*, any more than slavery is, and they haven't done blowing their trumpets over us to this day.'

"Here the company rose from breakfast, and united in singing the following hymn:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?"

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fight to win the prize,
Or sail thro' bloody seas?"

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word."

"Anybody who had seen the fervor with which these brethren now united in singing these stanzas, might have supposed them a company of the primitive martyrs and confessors, who, having drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, were now ready for a millennial charge on the devil and all his works.

"For my part," said Father Bonnie, 'I want union, I'm sure. I'd tar and feather these northern abolitionists if I could get them.'

"Figuratively, I suppose?" said Dr. Packthread, with a gentle smile.

"'Yes, figuratively and literally too,' said Father Bonnie, laughing. 'Let them come down here and see what they would get. If they will set the country in a blaze, let them be warmed in the fire. I thank the Lord that I am delivered from the bondage of thinking slavery a sin or an evil in any sense. Our abolitionist brethren have done one good thing—they have driven us up to examine the Scriptures, and there we find that slavery is not only permitted, but appointed, enjoined. It is a Divine institution. If a northern abolitionist comes at me now, I shake the Bible at him, and say, "Nay, but, O man! who art thou that repliest against God? Hath not the potter power over the clay to make one lump to honor and another to dishonor?"' I tell you, brethren, it blazes from every page of the Scriptures. You'll never do any thing till you get on to that ground. A man's conscience is always hanging on to his skirts; he goes on just like a bear with a trap on his leg—can't make any progress that way. You have got to get your feet on the Rock of Ages, I can tell you, and get the trap off your leg. There's nothing like the study of the Scriptures to clear a fellow's mind.'"

The work on American slavery contains many important passages omitted when the review of "Uncle Tom" first appeared in a contemporary journal, and some instructive extracts from American newspapers, which confirm or illustrate some of the author's statements. He had stated, for instance, that the penalties denounced by the Fugitive Slave Law on aiding or concealing a fugitive, or directly or indirectly obstructing a slave-dealer, must render anxious the life of every man of common humanity living near the line of a fugitive's escape—since he could never tell how soon he might incur them. This is illustrated by the following extract from an American paper of July, 1855:

"A Mr. Pardon Davis, of Marquette County in the State of Wisconsin, was temporarily resident at Tensas, in Louisiana, near which was a plantation, the scene of horrible cruelties. Some negroes escaped from it, took refuge in his wood-yard, were concealed by him, and sent in a canoe across the river. A negro-hunter discovered their trail, hunted them for forty miles, overtook them, and gave them to his dogs to be worried, until at last they confessed whence they came and who had assisted them. For this crime Mr. Davis was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the State prison of

Louisiana, and is now at Baton Rouge undergoing his punishment.

"The following passages are extracted from a letter which he wrote before his trial to the Baptist community of which he is a member:

"'I ask my brethren and sisters, in the fear of God, if a man should come to you, presenting a lacerated back, exposed to the rays of a southern summer's sun for want of a shirt, feet bleeding from having been torn by snags and briars, hungry and faint, whose crime was that he failed, after straining every nerve, to perform the labor appointed him—I ask, would you—could you—turn him away without assisting him? No, brethren, I think I know you too well—I think you would hand up a loaf of bread, part with some of your surplus clothing, or, if you had no surplus, buy some, as I did—help them across the river, point them to the star of Liberty, and bid them God-speed.

"'And now what more can I say? Have I done wrong? Have I done more than any man ought to do? Dear brethren, I leave you to judge; I am willing to be governed by your decision. I wait with the greatest anxiety to hear from you, to know whether I shall receive your sympathies and prayers, or whether I have done wrong and am considered a heathen. If the former, I can bear my affliction with fortitude; but if the latter, I feel that my life hangs by a slender thread—that my days are numbered. In the mean time, brethren, pray for me; sisters, remember me in your prayers.

"'I must cease, for the last paper in my possession is nearly covered over. And now, my brethren, when you meet to pray for heathen lands, remember, O! remember our own country. Watch over the declining steps of my parents; 'tis the greatest boon I can ask, for I fear that this intelligence will bring the gray hairs of my loving father and affectionate mother to the grave. Comfort them with the thought that we may meet in heaven.'"

The author states that any man "tainted," to use the language of a Southern Presbyterian clergyman, "with the bloodhound principles of abolition," is ruined, outraged, and exiled. It appears that even in Virginia, once the most civilized of the Union, to speak against slavery, though in another State, is punishable by exile.

"At a large and respectable meeting held at Piedmont Station, on the 26th instant, for the purpose of expressing their sentiments in relation to the course pursued by John C. Underwood, of Clarke County, and George

Rye, of Shenandoah, at the Convention recently held at Philadelphia—

“Resolved, That a committee be appointed to wait upon Mr. Underwood, to inform him of the just feelings of indignation created by his course in the Convention, together with his former (reputed) course in regard to the institution of slavery, and that they deem it just and advisable that he should leave the State as speedily as he can find it in his power so to do.”—*The Virginia Sentinel*, June 27, 1856.

The largest portion, however, of the work is filled by Mr. Sumner's celebrated speech. That speech is an example and a proof of the deterioration of American taste. Mr. Sumner is well known in England, indeed in Europe, as a man of good sense, and of good taste almost to the edge of fastidiousness. But when he has to address an audience of his fellow-countrymen, he indulges in such strains as these:

“Portents hang on all the arches of the horizon, threatening to darken the broad land, which already yawns with the mutterings of civil war.”—I. 73.

“Hirelings picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilization, leashed together by secret signs and lodges, have renewed the atrocities of the Thugs.”—II. 101.

“The senator from South Carolina, with incoherent phrases, discharged the loose expectation of his speech, now upon the representative of Kansas, now upon her people.”—III. 136.

Mr. Sumner is too able and too practised a speaker not to adapt himself to his audience. This must be the imagery that delights the gravest and the most intelligent body that America possesses; and as such Mr. Sumner, much as he may have been ashamed of it, was perhaps justified in using it. The substance of the speech is as generally good as the style is frequently detestable. It shows how the Missouri compact between the South and the North, which prohibited slavery north of latitude 36° 30', was broken by an act introduced at the end of the Session, and forced through by the slave-holding President and his slave-holding Cabinet, in defiance of the standing orders, which are the safeguards of the little independence that now remains in Congress, by the unsparing, unblushing exertion of the vast powers of bribery and intimidation which arm an American President. It shows how by this act the newly-created

territory of Kansas was allowed no liberty except the liberty to adopt slavery—how its Governor, Secretary, Chief Justice, Associate Justices, Attorney, and Marshal were withdrawn from popular election, and sent down from Washington, packed Commissioners for the introduction of slavery—and lastly, how, when it appeared that the great majority of the settlers were the friends of freedom, armies after armies of armed ruffians from Missouri invaded the territory, drove away and murdered the inhabitants, laid waste the country, attacked the town, and, having conquered the province, established in it a legislature of foreigners, with no object but plunder for themselves, the creation of a vast market for the slave-breeders of the South, and the introduction of two slave-holding members into the Senate. Their leaders were Stringfellow and Atchison. Mr. Sumner has made them tell their own story in their own language:

“Here is what Stringfellow said *before* the invasion:

“To those who have qualms of conscience as to violating laws, state or national, the time has come when such impositions must be disregarded, as your rights and property are in danger; and I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither give nor take quarter, as our case demands it. It is enough that the slave-holding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal. What right has Governor Reeder to rule Missourians in Kansas? His proclamation and prescribed oath must be repudiated. It is your interest to do so. Mind that slavery is established where it is not prohibited.”

“Here is what Atchison said *after* the invasion:

“Well, what next? Why, an election for members of the legislature to organize the territory must be held. What did I advise you to do then? Why, meet them on their own ground, and beat them at their own game again; and, cold and inclement as the weather was, I went over with a company of men. My object in going was not to vote. I had no right to vote, unless I had disfranchised myself in Missouri. I was not within two miles of a voting-place. My object in going was not to vote, but to settle a difficulty between two of our candidates; and the abolitionists of the north said, and published it abroad, that Atchison was there with bowie-knife and revolver, and by God 'twas true! I never did go into that

territory—I never intend to go into that territory—without being prepared for all such kind of cattle. Well, we beat them, and Governor Reeder gave certificates to a majority of all the members of both Houses, and then, after they were organized, as everybody will admit, they were the only competent persons to say who were, and who were not, members of the same.’”

We will conclude our extracts from Mr. Sumner with his description of the mode in which this ruffian Parliament exercised its power:

“The statutes of Missouri, in all their text, with their divisions and subdivisions, were adopted bodily, and with such little local adaptation that the word ‘state’ in the original is not even changed to ‘territory,’ but is left to be corrected by an explanatory act. But all this general legislation was entirely subordinate to the special act, entitled ‘An Act to punish Offences against Slave Property,’ in which the one idea that provoked this whole conspiracy is at last embodied in legislative form, and human slavery openly recognized on free soil, under the sanction of pretended law. This act of thirteen sections is in itself a *Dance of Death*. But its complex completeness of wickedness without a parallel may be partially conceived, when it is understood that in three sections only of it is the penalty of death denounced no less than forty-eight different times, by as many changes of language, against the heinous offence, described in forty-eight different ways, of interfering with what does not exist in that territory—and under the constitution cannot exist there—I mean property in human flesh.

“Mark, sir, three different legislative enactments, which constitute part of this work. *First*, according to one act, all who deny, by spoken or written word, ‘the right of persons to hold slaves in this territory,’ are denounced as felons, to be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term not less than two years; it may be for life. And to show the extravagance of this injustice, it has been well put by the senator from Vermont [Mr. Collamer], that, should the senator from Michigan [Mr. Cass], who believes that slavery cannot exist in a territory unless introduced by express legislative acts, venture there with his moderate opinions, his doom must be that of a felon! To this extent are the great liberties of speech and of the press subverted. *Secondly*, by another act, entitled, ‘An Act concerning Attorneys-at-Law,’ no person can practise as an attorney, unless he *shall obtain a license* from the territorial courts, which, of course, a tyrannical discretion will be free

to deny; and, after obtaining such license, he is constrained to take an oath, not only ‘to support’ the Constitution of the United States, but also to support the Territorial Act, and the Fugitive Slave Bill, thus erecting a test for the function of the bar, calculated to exclude citizens who honestly regard that latter legislative enormity as unfit to be obeyed. And, *thirdly*, by another act, entitled, ‘An Act concerning Jurors,’ all persons ‘conscientiously opposed to holding slaves,’ or ‘not admitting the right to hold slaves in the territory,’ are excluded from the jury on every question, civil or criminal, arising out of asserted slave property.

“It was necessary to guard against the possibility of change, even tardily, at a future election; and this was done by two different acts; under the *first* of which, all who will not take the oath to support the Fugitive Slave Bill are excluded from the elective franchise; and under the *second* of which, all others are entitled to vote who shall tender a tax of one dollar to the sheriff on the day of election; thus disfranchising all opposed to slavery, and at the same time opening the door to the votes of the invaders; by an unconstitutional shibboleth, excluding from the polls the mass of actual settlers, and by making the franchise depend upon a petty tax only, admitting to the polls the mass of borderers from Missouri. Thus, by tyrannical forethought, the usurpation not only fortified all that it did, but assumed a *self-perpetuating* energy. Thus, was the crime consummated. Slavery now stands erect, clanking its chains on the territory of Kansas, surrounded by a code of death, and trampling upon all cherished liberties, whether of speech, the press, the bar, the trial by jury, or the electoral franchise. And, sir, all this has been done, not merely to introduce a wrong which in itself is a denial of all rights, and in dread of which a mother has lately taken the life of her offspring; not merely, as has been sometimes said, to protect slavery in Missouri, since it is futile for this State to complain of freedom on the side of Kansas, when freedom exists without complaint on the side of Iowa, and also on the side of Illinois; but it has been done for the sake of political power, *in order to bring two new slave-holding senators upon this floor, and thus to fortify in the national government the desperate chances of a waning oligarchy.*”

The effectiveness of the speech may be estimated by the barbarous violence of the answers which it provoked. We insert two specimens:

“‘Is it,’ said Mr. Douglas (*a candidate for the Presidency*), ‘the object of the

senator to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement? The senator, by his charge of crime, stultifies three-fourths of the whole body, a majority of the North, nearly the whole South, a majority of whigs, and a majority of democrats here. He says they are infamous. If he so believed, who could suppose that he would ever show his face among such a body of men? How dare he approach one of those gentlemen to give him his hand after that act? If he felt the courtesies between men, he would not do it. He would deserve to have himself spit in the face for doing so."

"Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said:

"Mr. President, the necessities of our political position bring us into relations and associations upon this floor, which, in obedience to a common government, we are forced to admit. They bring us into relations and associations which, beyond the walls of this chamber, we are enabled to avoid—associations here, whose presence elsewhere is dishonor, and the touch of whose hand would be a disgrace. The necessity of political position alone brings me into relations with men upon this floor whom elsewhere I cannot acknowledge as possessing manhood in any form. I am constrained to hear here depravity, vice in its most odious form uncoiled in this presence, exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and vilification against the quarter of the country from which I come; and I must listen to it because it is a necessity of my position, under a common government, to recognize as an equal, politically, one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise. I did not intend to be betrayed into this debate; but I submit to the necessity of my position. I am here now, united with an honored band of patriots, from the North equally with the South, to try if we can preserve and perpetuate those institutions which others are prepared to betray, and are seeking to destroy; and I will submit to the necessity of that position at least until the work is accomplished."

The outrage which followed is too well known. We will not waste the reader's time by relating it, but we will extract from the work before us one or two of the comments of the American press. From the "Richmond Enquirer," June 12, 1856:

"In the main, the press of the South applaud the conduct of Mr. Brooks, without condition or limitation. Our approbation, at least, is entire and unreserved. We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence. The vulgar abolitionists in the senate are

getting above themselves. They have been humored until they forget their position. The have grown saucy and dare to be impudent to gentlemen! They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought, to have nine-and-thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Mr. Brooks has initiated this salutary discipline, and he deserves applause for the bold, judicious manner in which he chastised the scamp Sumner. It was a proper act, done at the proper time, and in the proper place. Of all places on earth, the senate-chamber was the very spot where Sumner should have been made to suffer. It was literally and entirely proper that he should be stricken down and beaten just beside the desk against which he leaned as he fulminated his filthy utterances through the Capitol. We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, that so a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of abolition speakers. If need be, let us have a caning or cowhiding every day. If the worst come to the worst, so much the sooner, so much the better."

A meeting in South Carolina:

"A public meeting of the citizens of Fairfield was held on Tuesday night, 27th ult., to approve the conduct of the Hon. Preston S. Brooks, in administering to Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, a wholesome and richly merited castigation.

"Resolved, That we most heartily approve the practical enforcement of respect for the motives of Southern men and Southern States, in the chastisement inflicted upon the champion of black republicanism by the Hon. P. S. Brooks; and that we hereby tender to Mr. Brooks our cordial approbation."

From the "South Side Democrat," May 24:

"The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the classical caning which this outrageous abolitionist received, on Thursday, at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks, of South Carolina. No punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified, and classical caning."

From the "South Carolina Times" of the 27th May, 1856 (State paper):

"Up to the 22nd of May, A.D. 1856, none have been found willing to step forward, as Carolinians, in defence of the character of Southern men or the institutions of the South, but the Hon. Preston S. Brooks. Colonel Brooks has the honor of being the

first man who dared to carry out his declaration that he was ready to commence the war in Washington, in the Halls of Congress. Colonel Brooks has done nothing that South Carolinians ought to be ashamed of. He has boldly stepped forward, at the risk of his life, ease, and social relation, and we know that there will be found but one settiment among the people of South Carolina, which is, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!'"

The following resolution was passed at a late meeting of the citizens of Newberry (Brooks' district):

"Be it unanimously resolved, That this meeting approves the conduct of the Hon. P. S. Brooks in the premises, and that it recommends that meetings be held, on the first Monday in June next, in the various districts constituting this congressional district, to express the approbation which we are sure his constituents generally will accord to him."

The House refused to expel Mr. Brooks. To test the opinion of his constituents he resigned his seat. He was re-elected unanimously. He was prosecuted. To acquit him was, even in America, impossible. He was found guilty. His punishment was a fine of 300 dollars. This is the value set, in Washington, on freedom of debate. Any ruffian willing to pay £60 may waylay, disable, and, as we fear will be the event in this instance, injure for life, any political opponent. We have a letter before us dated the 23rd of December last, seven months after the outrage. It describes Mr. Sumner as still suffering severely,—as recommended by his medical advisers to retire from public life, at least for a year,—but as resolved, with the courage and self-devotion which all who knew him expected from him, to take his seat at the opening of Congress, and to protest, at least, if in such an assembly as the Senate of the United States he can do no more, against the despotism, half democratic and half oligarchic, by which his country is now enslaved.

During the whole of this century—in fact, ever since the independence of the United States was acknowledged—the two or three hundred thousand slaveholders of the South have governed the millions of the North. They have named the Presidents, they have had a majority in the Senate and a majority in the Supreme Court, and have wielded the vast patronage of the Execu-

tive. In defiance of the Constitution they bought Louisiana; they annexed Texas; they seized a territory larger than Europe, between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains; they established slavery on half of that vast continent, on condition that the other half should remain free; they broke that compact, and opened Kansas to slavery; when the people of Kansas refused the pollution, they forced it on them by armed invasion, incendiarism, rapine, and civil war; they riveted on them the chain by the most monstrous code that ever was devised; and as their last triumph they have placed in the chair at Washington a man pledged not only to the maintenance of but to the extension of slavery at home, and to war, aggression, and spoliation abroad.

The questions which disturb every mind in America, and to which we cannot be indifferent, are, whether this tyranny can last? and, if it is to fall, what is to overthrow it? We have before us a file of American newspapers for the last three months. The fierceness with which the South tramples on its northern subjects, the indignation and shame with which the North struggles against the oppressor, may be estimated by the violence of the measures proposed on each side. The expedient of the North is separation. Disunion societies and meetings are multiplying in New York and in New England. We extract a couple of their advertisements:

"NEW YORK STATE DISUNION ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—A Disunion Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held at ALBANY, the second week in February, 1857."

"STATE DISUNION CONVENTION.—We, the undersigned, citizens of Worcester, believing the result of the recent Presidential election to involve four years more of proslavery government, and a rapid increase in the hostility between the two sections of the Union;

"Believing this hostility to be the offspring, not of party excitement, but of a fundamental difference in education, habits, and laws;

"Believing the existing Union to be a failure, as being a hopeless attempt to unite under one government two antagonistic systems of society, which diverge more widely with every year;

"And believing it to be the duty of intelligent and conscientious men to meet these facts with wisdom and firmness;

"Respectfully invite our fellow-citizens of Massachusetts to meet in Convention at Worcester, on Thursday, January 15, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require."

Here is an extract from a speech made at a Boston meeting in July last :

"Mr. President, 'in the dark and troubled night that is upon us, I see but one star of hope;' and I thank the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, not alone that they first told the secret of slavery, twenty-five years ago, to the astonished nation, but that they have told another secret, more recently, more daringly, to a nation yet more astonished—told the secret of anti-slavery, and told it in one word—DISUNION! (Enthusiastic applause, long continued.) Mr. President, as God is in heaven, our destiny and our duty are to be found there. It is our only hope."

And here is the comment on it by another speaker :

"I respond to that sentiment—'Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must!' (Loud cheers.) I think we are unworthy to stand in the old Cradle of Liberty, if we shrink even from the baptism of blood, if such be the will of God; and I am not sure but it is; for if there was ever a time when we might say, 'There is no remission of sins without the shedding of blood,' we have reached that time; and if even by seas of blood we can wash out our sins and stains, we may thank God for that baptism, and accept salvation even on terms so fearful. I think we had better familiarize our minds to the possibility, at least, that the streets of Boston may yet run with blood. I do not believe that ever yet a nation wandered so far from the true spirit of freedom, justice, and humanity, as we have gone, and then returned, without passing through that metaphorical Red Sea; and though I know that war is a curse always, and, probably, always a crime, too, yet I think we have gone beyond the time to question the right of war, for I expect scenes of violence, just as I expect Etna will vomit the blazing bile from her sickening stomach, in obedience to the same law of God which operates upon the human mind as well. And I think, if we escape even with blood and battle—the battle where the 'garments shall be rolled in blood, and accompanied with confusion and noise'—that even then, considering how great a loss we have sustained, salvation will be cheap even at such a price as that (applause)."

"It is useless," says a less excited arguer, to disguise this state of things, or to pretend that there is any present probability of restoring the harmony that existed in the workings of the Government when there was a common agreement, North and South, that slavery was a nuisance, and an evil to be got rid of at the earliest practicable moment. Such was our condition when the Union was formed and the constitution adopted. At a later period a comparative harmony was preserved by compromises on the question. Now, the old idea is repudiated by the slavery-men, and the compromise system seemingly abjured by all. We are thus arrived at the point of collision between the opposing forces in the Government. While this state of things continues to exist there can be no peace. There can be a triumph of one party over the other, but that is all. How long is political union possible under such circumstances? There may be a period or periods of peace between the combatants, but they will ever be temporary, and partake of the character of a truce, or of submission of the vanquished to the victor. Inevitably, however, they must come to an end, and that end is separation of the free and slave states; and it is the part of wise statesmanship, both North and South, among all dispassionate men, to prepare the way for this result in a manner which shall not disgrace the civilization of the age in which we live."

The counsels of the South are at least as desperate. We extract the following passages from a letter addressed by Mr. Rhett, an eminent citizen of South Carolina, to the governor of that State, printed in the Charleston "Mercury":

"In my judgment," says Mr. Rhett, "all true statesmanship in the South consists in forming combinations and shaping events so as to bring about, as steadily as possible, a dissolution of the present Union and a Southern confederacy. Why should we not dissolve our political connection with the people of the North? Have we not in vain done our duty to them, in all patience and humility? Are there any remembrances of the past which they have not embittered, or feelings of affection which they have not outraged? Have they not, for a long course of years, put upon us indignities and wrongs which they never would have borne from us or from any other people? Their conduct towards us, if we were independent nations, would long since have justified us in declaring war against them. Instead of that friendship which a common Confederacy implies, they have for twenty years pursued towards us a course of the most ruthless hostility."

Men are now upheld as their exponents and leaders, governors of States and members of Congress, who openly declare their purpose to destroy us, and exult in the prospect of the slaughter and desolation they meditate carrying over the South. Do we need their association with us for internal protection? We are fully competent to protect ourselves; and if we were not, and turn to them for assistance, we know that they would rather fire the torch of insurrection than extinguish it. Are we not sufficiently powerful to protect ourselves from foreign nations? We are the most important people in the world to its welfare and happiness. If, by a sudden stroke of the Almighty, the Southern States were annihilated, it would occasion a greater shock to the civilization and comfort of other nations than the extinction of any other people inhabiting its surface. What, then, have we to fear from foreign States? By our productions we can command their friendship and peace, whilst by our physical power we can defy their hostility. Eight millions of the white race, raised to the use of arms, and constituting one of the most military people in the world, inhabiting a country intersected all over by railroads, are unconquerable by any power upon earth. Why, then, should we not be independent in government as we are in all our resources for national power, wealth, and prosperity? Why should we still continue vexed tributaries to the North—harassed dependencies—despised underlings—to be eternally scourged from tariff to slavery, and from slavery to tariff—only, at last, to be trampled out of existence in blood? Break from the North, and give us a Southern Confederacy, as you value honor, prosperity, life itself. Those who have been watching, and waiting, and striving, for Southern independence and a Southern Union—although at times their hearts may have died away within them in despair—have heard the late tumult at the North, mustering the power against the South, with rekindled hope and loftier resolutions. O! let the contest come. If true to ourselves, a glorious destiny awaits us, and the South will yet be a great, free, and independent people."

"We declare," says the editor of the paper in which Mr. Rhett's letter appears: "That we not only desire to make territories, now free, slave territories, and to acquire new territory into which to extend slavery,—such as Cuba, north-eastern Mexico, etc.,—but we would re-open the African slave-trade, that every white man might have a chance to make himself owner of one or more negroes, and go with them and his house-

hold gods wherever opportunity beckoned to enterprise.

"But the North would never consent to this; they would dissolve the Union rather than grant it, say the croaking impracticables. Try it. There is nothing to lose by the experiment. At all events, if the attempt to re-open this trade should fail, it would give one more proof of how injurious our connection with the North has become to us, and would indicate one more signal advantage which a Southern Confederacy would have over the present heterogeneous association called the Union."

These, however, may be the rash ebullitions of the party spirit of irresponsible individuals. We now make some extracts from a grave State paper, the message of Mr. Adams, the governor of South Carolina, to his legislature:

"The object," says Governor Adams, "for which you were convened in extra session has been determined. The popular voice has declared in favor of our party. But, considered in reference to the vital issue between the North and the South, I fear that it will be a barren triumph—that it will prove to be, at best, but a brief respite of feverish, exhausting excitement, destined to end in embittered feeling and distracted counsel among ourselves. Slavery and Free-Soilism can never be reconciled. Our enemies have been defeated—not vanquished. A majority of the free States have declared against the South, upon a purely sectional issue, and in the remainder of them formidable minorities fiercely contended for victory under the same banner. The triumph of this geographical party must dissolve the Confederacy, unless we are prepared to sink down into a state of acknowledged inferiority. We will act wisely to employ the interval of repose afforded by the late election in earnest preparation for the inevitable conflict. The Southern States have never demanded more than equality and security. They cannot submit to less, and remain in the Union, without dishonor and ultimate ruin.

"The consumption of cotton has steadily increased, and will in a few years exceed the supply—not from want, on our part, of land on which to grow it, but from want of operators to cultivate it. The demand for the article being greater than the supply, the price must go up, in the absence of all disturbing causes. As long as this continues to be the case we must prosper; but the certain effect of high prices will be to stimulate the growth of it in foreign countries, and in time to destroy the monopoly which we have so long enjoyed. To maintain our

present position we must have cheap labor. This can be obtained in but one way—BY RE-OPENING THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE. It is a diseased sentimentality which starts back at the idea of legalizing the slave-trade, and at the same time contemplates without emotion the cruel servitude which capital exacts of labor all the world over. There was a time when canting philanthropists had instilled into us a belief that slavery was wrong. Investigation has entirely changed the once common sentiment on this point. The South now believes that a mysterious Providence has brought the two races together on this continent for wise purposes, and that the existing relation has been mutually beneficial. Southern slavery has elevated the African to a degree of civilization which the black race has never attained in any other age or country. We see it now in its true light, and regard it as the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world. Had the slave-trade never been closed, the equilibrium between the North and the South would not have been destroyed. The North has had the Old World from which to draw her supply of labor, and hence the rapid settlement of the North-West. Since 1808 the South has supplied her own labor, and has necessarily made slower progress in settling up the South-West. If the trade were open now, I am persuaded that the South would not consent to close it; and this is, perhaps, the best answer to the argument derived from the mere sentiment that is arrayed against the proposition. It is apprehended that the opening of this trade will lessen the value of slaves, and ultimately destroy the institution. It is a sufficient answer to point to the fact that unrestricted immigration has not diminished the value of labor in the north-western section of the Confederacy. The cry there is, want of labor, notwithstanding capital has the pauperism of the Old World to press into its grinding service. I believe that more slaves are necessary to a continuance of our monopoly in plantation products. I believe that they are necessary to the full development of our whole round of agricultural and mechanical resources; that they are necessary to the restoration of the South to an equality of power in the General Government, perhaps to the very integrity of slave society, disturbed as it has been by causes which have induced an undue proportion of the ruling race. To us have been committed the fortunes of this peculiar form of society resulting from the union of unequal races. It has vindicated its claim to the approbation of an enlightened humanity. It has civilized and Christianized the African.

It has exalted the white race itself to higher hopes and purposes, and it is perhaps of the most sacred obligation that we should give it the means of expansion, and that we should press it forward to a perpetuity of progress."

We own our inability to prophesy, or even to conjecture, what, ten years hence, or even five years hence, will be the condition of the States and territories now constituting the Union. The forces that keep them together are enormous. There is national vanity, the pride of forming an empire already a match for any existing Power, soon to become superior to any single rival, and likely within the lives of our younger readers to dictate to the whole world, civilized and uncivilized. In fifty years the Union, if it shall subsist, will contain one hundred millions of the richest and the most energetic population that has ever formed one body politic. It seems at first sight impossible that any arguments or any combination of arguments should induce men to reject such a destiny. But nations are governed less by reason than by passion, and on the side of disunion are arrayed the strongest passions of human nature—resentment, hatred, fear, the recollection of past injuries, treacheries, and insults, and the anticipation of future ones; a belief on the part of the South that the North is resolved to destroy an institution on the permanence of which the fortune and even the life of every planter depends; a belief on the part of the North that that institution is a national sin, endangering in another world the prospects of all its abettors, and in this world distorting the policy, injuring the prosperity, and disgracing the character of the nation.

Between such feelings and such opinions what room is there for compromise? The North is resolved to repress, to circumscribe, and eventually to abolish slavery. The South is resolved not only to perpetuate but to extend it. The fraud and violence of the South have as yet been successful. Can she continue to be so? To a bystander this seems to be impossible. That the weaker, the poorer, the less intelligent minority should in a bad cause prevail against the sympathy and the reason of the whole civilized world, is opposed to all our experience. The South must, we think, be in time defeated. Will she acquiesce in that defeat?

Even supposing her to acquiesce—that is to say, supposing her not to immediately break off from the Union—can she join with the North in working it? Can a people, thus inflamed and divided, unite once in every four years in the election of a ruler with more power and patronage than any czar or emperor?—of a ruler who immediately on his accession has ninety thousand paid places to scatter over a country in which money is almost the only social distinction?—of a ruler who for four years is to be the irremovable master of the home and the foreign policy of the whole empire; who can wield the disciplined force of the national army and navy, and let slip the ruffians and pirates of private war, against every independent country which his party may covet, and

against every home province which it may wish to plunder or to oppress?

Every election approaches nearer and nearer to a civil war. Before every election the threats of the party that fears disappointment are louder and louder. Will they ever be executed? If Colonel Fremont had succeeded last December, as but for the intervention of a third candidate he must have done, would the South have submitted in impotent rage? If, as probably will be the case, he should succeed four years hence, will she then submit? We will not venture to answer any of these questions. But it does appear to us that a bond which every four years is on the point of separating must eventually snap.

PASSAGE OF HORACE WALPOLE.—Although Horace Walpole's remains are about to be illustrated by the able editorship of Mr. Peter Cunningham, I am tempted to call the attention of the readers of "N. & Q." to a passage in one of his letters to the Countess of Ossory, the meaning of which is not obvious, and which is not explained by the editor. The passage to which I allude is in a letter of Aug. 4, 1788, written at Strawberry Hill:

"I must tell you an excellent reply of a person your ladyship scarce knows, and I not at all. Lord Lewisham lately gave a dinner to a certain electoral prince, who is in England, and at which, *a la mode de son pays*, they drank very hard. The conversation turned on matrimony: the foreign *altesse* said he envied the Dukes of Devon and Rutland, who, though high and mighty princes too, had been at liberty to wed two charming women whom they liked; but for his part he supposed he should be forced to marry some ugly German b——, I forget the other letters of the word; and then turning to the Irish Master of the Rolls, asked what he would advise him to do. 'Faith, Sir,' said the Master, 'I am not yet drunk enough to give advice to a Prince of ——— about marrying.' I think it one of the best answers I ever heard. How many fools will think themselves sober enough to advise his *altesse* on whatever he consults them!"—Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory," vol. II. p. 164, London, 1848.

The "electoral prince," the "foreign *altesse*," alluded to in this anecdote, is evidently no other person than the Prince of Wales, to whom, as being the son of the Elector of Hanover, Horace Walpole jocosely applies this designation. He envies the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, on account of the beauty of their celebrated duchesses, and anticipates his own unhappy lot, in being compelled to marry a German princess devoid of all per-

sonal charm. The Prince of Wales was born on the 12th of August, 1762, and was therefore at this time just twenty-one years old. Lord Lewisham was the eldest son of the second Earl of Dartmouth; he was born in 1755, and died in 1810: his father had been a member of Lord North's cabinet. The Irish Master of the Rolls at this time was the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, who held the office, then a sinecure, from 1759 to 1788, nearly thirty years. Lord Stanhope (*Hist. of Eng.*, c. 84) describes Rigby as "a gay, jovial, not over-scrupulous placeman." He was a member of the Irish, not of the English, Privy Council.—*Notes and Queries*.

STANDARD OF GOLD.—The following information was given in *The Times* of Jan. 10, 1857, by "One of the Trade." Thinking it will be more easy of reference if transferred to, and indexed in, the pages of "N. & Q.," I send you the substance for insertion:

"*Standard of Gold.*—Two years ago there was an alteration made in the quality of gold marked in Goldsmiths' Hall, it being represented to the President of the Board of Trade that it would be advantageous alike to the manufacturer and the public: and instead of there being only two different standards, there are now five, viz. 22, 18, 15, 12, and 9 carats. If, on the purchase of a watch, the cases, instead of bearing the mark of '18 carat,' the gold of which would be worth 67s. per oz., should be marked only '12 carat,' the gold is worth only 45s. per oz., and the purchaser has been legally robbed of the difference in value, which, supposing the cases to weigh 1 oz. 10 dwts., would be 83s.

"When purchasing a gold watch, therefore, see that the cases are marked '18 carat;' if they are not so marked, do not make the purchase."—*Notes and Queries*.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was far from an easy achievement to get her safely conveyed up the stairs. She turned round and delivered addresses to them in most lively and oratorical Italian, eloquent on the subject of her sufferings by the way; she was disposed to be out of temper when no one answered her but Charlie, and, fairly wound up and stimulated with Miss Anastasia's capon and Mrs. Atheling's wine, was not half so much disposed to be sent off to bed as her entertainers were to send her. These entertainers were in the oddest state of amazement and excitement possible. It was beginning to draw near the wintry morning of another day, and this strange figure in the strange dress, which did not look half so pretty in its actual reality, and upon this hard-featured peasant woman, as it did in pictures and romance; the voluble foreign tongue of which they did not know a word; the emphatic gestures; the change in the appearance of Charlie, and the entire suddenness of the whole scene,—confused the minds of the lookers-on. Then a pale face in a white cap, a little shrinking white-robed figure, trembling and anxious, was perceptible to Mrs. Atheling at the top of the stair, looking down upon it with terror. So Mamma peremptorily sent Charlie back beside Miss Anastasia, and resumed into her own hands the management of affairs. Under her guidance the woman and the boy were comfortably disposed of, no one being able to speak a word to them. In the room which had been Charlie's, Rachel was comforted and sent back to bed, and then Mrs. Atheling turned suddenly upon her own girls. "My dears," said Mamma, "you are not wanted down stairs. I don't suppose Papa and I are wanted either; Miss Anastasia must talk over her business with Charlie—it is not *our* business, you know, Marian, my darling; go to sleep."

"Go to sleep!—people cannot go to sleep just when they choose at five o'clock in the morning, Mamma!" cried the aggrieved and indignant Marian; but Agnes, though quite as curious as her sister, was wise enough to lend her assistance in the cause of subordination. Marian was under very strong temptation. She thought she could almost like to steal down in the dark and listen; but honor, we are glad to say, prevailed over curiosity, and sleep over both. When her pretty young head touched the pillow there was no eaves-dropping; and in the entirest privacy and silence, after all this tumult, in the presence of Mamma and Mr. Atheling, and addressing himself to Miss Anastasia, Charlie told his tale. He took out his pocket-book from his pocket—the same old-fashioned big pocket-book which he had carried away with him, and

gave his evidences one by one into Miss Anastasia's hands as he spoke.

But the old lady's fingers trembled: she had restrained herself as well as she could, feeling it only just that he should be welcomed by his own, and even half diverted out of her anxiety by the excited Tyrolese; but now her restrained feelings rushed back upon her heart. The papers rustled in her hand; she did not hear him as he began, in order, and deliberately, his report. "Information! I cannot receive information. I am too far gone for that," cried the old lady, with a hysterical break in her voice. "Give me no facts, Charlie, Charlie!—I am not able to put them together—tell me once in a word—is it true?"

"It is true," said Charlie, eagerly—"not only true, but proved—certain, so clear that nobody can deny it. Listen, Miss Rivers; I could be content to go by myself, with these evidences in my hand, before any court in England, against the ablest pleader that ever held a brief. Don't mind the proofs to-night; trust my assurance, as you trusted me. It is true to the letter, to the word, every thing that you supposed. Giulietta was his wife. Louis is his lawful son."

Miss Anastasia did not say a word; she bowed down her face upon her hands—that face over which an ashy paleness came slowly stealing like a cloud. Mrs. Atheling hastened forward, thinking she was about to faint, but was put aside by a gesture. Then the color came back, and Miss Anastasia rose up herself again with all her old energy.

"You are perfectly right, young Atheling—quite right—as you have always been," said Miss Rivers; "and, of course, you have told me in your letters the most part of what you could tell me now. But your boy is born for the law, Will Atheling," she said, turning suddenly to Charlie's pleased and admiring father. "He wrote to me as if I were a lawyer instead of a woman; all facts and no opinion; that was scant measure for me. Shake hands, boy. I'll see every thing in the morning, and then we'll think of beginning the campaign. I have it in my head already, please Heaven! Charlie, we'll chase them from the field."

So saying, Miss Anastasia marched with an exultant and jubilant step, following Mrs. Atheling up the narrow stairs. She was considerably shaken out of her usual composure—swells of great triumph, suddenly calmed by the motion of a moved heart, passed over the spirit of this brave old gentlewoman like sun and wind; and her self-appointed charge of the rights of her father's children, who might have been her own children so far as age was concerned,

had a very singular effect upon her. Mrs. Atheling did not linger a minute longer than she could help with her distinguished guest. She was proud of Miss Anastasia, but far prouder of Charlie,—Charlie, who had been a boy a little while ago, but who had come back a man.

"Come here and sit down, mother," said Charlie; "now, we're by ourselves, if you will not tell the girls, I'll tell you every thing. First, there's the marriage. That she belonged to the family I wrote of—the family Remori—I got at after a long time. She was an only daughter, and had no one to look after her. I have a certificate of the marriage, and a witness coming who was present—old Doctor Serrano—one of your patriots who is always in mischief; besides that, what do you think is my evidence for the marriage?"

"Indeed, Charlie, I could not guess," cried Mrs. Atheling.

"There's a kind of tomb near the town, a thing as like the mausoleum at Winterbourne as possible, and quite as ugly. There is this good in ugliness," said Charlie, "that one remarks it, especially in Italy. I thought no one but an Englishman could have put up such an affair as that, and I could not make out one way or another who it belonged to, or what it was. The priests are very strong out there. They would not let a heretic lie in consecrated ground, and no one cared to go near the grave, if it was a grave. They wouldn't allow even that. You know what the Winterbourne tomb is—a great open canopied affair, with that vast flat stone below. There was a flat stone in the other one, too, not half so big, and it looked to me as if it would lift easily enough. So what do you think I did? I made friends with some wild fellows about, and got hold of one young Englishman, and as soon as it was dark we got picks and tools and went off to the grave."

"O, Charlie!" Mrs. Atheling turned very pale.

"After a lot of work we got it open," said Charlie, going on with great zest and animation. "Then the young fellow and I got down into the vault—a regular vault where there had been a lamp suspended. It, I suppose had gone out many a year ago; and there we found upon the two coffin-lids—well, it's very pitiful, mother, it is indeed—but we wanted it for evidence—on one of the coffins was this inscription: 'Giulietta Rivers, Lady Winterbourne née Remori, died January, 1822, aged twenty years.' If it had been a diamond mine it would not have given me so much pleasure."

"Pleasure! O Charlie!" cried Mrs. Atheling, faintly.

"But they might say you put it there, Charlie, and that was not true," said Mr. Atheling, who rather piqued himself upon his caution.

"That was what I had the other young fellow for," said Charlie, quietly; "and that was what made me quite sure she belonged to the Remoris; it was easy enough after that, and I want only one link now, that is, to make sure of their identity. Father, do you remember any thing about the children when they came to the Hall?"

Mr. Atheling shook his head. "Your aunt Bridget, if she had been alive, would have been sure to know," said Mamma meditatively; "but Louis found out some old servant lately that had been about Winterbourne long ago."

"Louis! does he know?" cried Charlie.

"He is doing something on his own account, inquiring every thing he can about Lord Winterbourne. He does not know, but guesses every possible kind of thing, except the truth," said Mr. Atheling; "how long he may be of lighting upon that, it is impossible to say."

"Now Charlie, my dear boy, you can ask all about Louis to-morrow," said Mrs. Atheling. "Louis! Dear me, William, to think of us calling him Louis, and treating him like any common young man, and he Lord Winterbourne all the time! and all through Charlie!—and O, my Marian! when I think of it all, it bewilders me! But, Charlie, my dear, you must not be fatigued too much. Do not ask him any more questions to-night, Papa; consider how important his health is; he must lie down directly. I'll make him all comfortable; and, William, do you go to the parlor—bid him good-night."

Papa obeyed, as dutiful papas are wont to obey, and Charlie laughed, but submitted, as his mother, with her own kind unwearying hands, arranged for him the sofa in the best room; for the Tyrolese and Miss Anastasia occupied all the available rooms in the house. Then she bade him good-night, drawing back his dark elf-locks, and kissing his forehead tenderly, and with a certain respect of the big boy who was a boy no longer; and then the good mother went away to arrange her husband similarly on the other sofa, and to take possession, last of all, of the easy-chair. "I can sleep through the day if I am disposed," said Mrs. Atheling, who never was disposed for any such indulgence; and she leaned back in the big chair, with a mind disturbed and glowing, agitated with grand fancies. Marian! was it possible? But then, Agnes, after all, what a maze of splendid uncertainty it was!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You may say what you like, young Atheling," said Miss Rivers, "you've a very good right to your own opinion; but I'm not a lawyer, nor bound by rule and precedent, mind. This is the middle of March; it comes on in April; we must wait for that; and you're not up with all your evidence, you dilatory boy."

"But I might happen to be up with it in a day," said Charlie, "and at all events an ejectment should be served, and the first step taken in the case without delay."

"That is all very well," said the old lady, "but I don't suppose it would advance the business very much, besides rousing him at once to use every means possible, and perhaps buy off that poor old Serrano, or get hold of Monti. Why did you not look for Monti, young Atheling? The chances are that he was present too."

"One witness was as much as I could well manage," said Charlie, shrugging his shoulders at the recollection: "but the most important question of all—Louis—I mean—your brother—the heir—"

"My brother—the heir." Miss Rivers colored suddenly. It was a different thing thinking of him in private, and hearing him spoken of so. "I tell you he is not the heir, young Atheling; he is Lord Winterbourne: but I will not see him yet, not till *the day*; it would be a terrible time of suspense for the poor boy."

"Then, if it is your pleasure, he must go away," said Charlie, firmly—"he cannot come here to this agitated house of ours without discovering a good deal of the truth; and if he discovered it so, he would have just grounds to complain. If he is not told at once, he ought to have some commission such as I have had, and be sent away."

Miss Rivers colored still more, all her liking for Charlie and his family scarcely sufficing to reconcile her to the "sending away" of the young heir, on the same footing as she had sent young Atheling. She hesitated and faltered visibly, seeing reason enough in it, but extremely repugnant. "If you think so," she said at last, with a slightly averted face, "ah—another time we can speak of that."

Then came further consultations, and Charlie had to tell his story over bit by bit, and incident by incident, illustrating every point of it by his documents. Miss Anastasia was particularly anxious about the young Englishman whose name was signed with Charlie's own, in certification of the inscription on the coffin. Miss Anastasia marvelled much whether he belonged to the Hillarys of Lincolnshire, or the Hillarys of Yorkshire, and pursued his shadow through half-a-dozen counties. Charlie was not par-

ticularly given to genealogy. He had the young man's card, with his address at the Albany, and the time of his possible return home. That was quite enough for the matter in hand, and Charlie was very much more concerned about the one link wanting in his evidence—the person who received the children from the care of Leonore the Tyroless.

As it chanced, in their strange maze of circumstance, the Rector chose this day for one of his visits. He was very much amazed to encounter Miss Anastasia; it struck him evidently as something which needed to be accounted for, for she was known and noted as a dweller at home. She received him at first with a certain triumphant satisfaction, but by-and-by a little confusion appeared even in the looks of Miss Anastasia. She began to glance from the stately young man to the pale face and drooping eyelids of Agnes. She began to see the strange mixture of trouble and hardship in this extraordinary revolution, and her heart was touched for the heir deposed, as well as for the heir discovered. Lionel was "in trouble" himself, after an odd enough fashion. Some one had just instituted an action against him in the ecclesiastical courts touching the furniture of his altar, and the form in which he conducted the services. It was a strange poetic justice to bring this against him now, when he had cast off his high-churchism, and was luxuriating in his new freedom. But the Curate grew perfectly inspired under the infliction, and rose to the highest altitude of satisfaction and happiness, declaring this to be the testing touch of promotion, which constantly distinguishes the true faith. It was on Miss Anastasia's lips to speak of this, and to ask the young clergyman why he was so long away from home at so critical a juncture, but her heart was touched with compunction. From looking at Lionel, she turned suddenly to Agnes, and asked, with a strange abruptness, a question which had no connection with the previous conversation—"That little book of yours, Agnes Atheling, that you sent to me, what do you mean by that story, child?—eh?—what put that into your idle little brain? It is not like fiction; it is quite as strange and out of the way as if it had been life."

Involuntarily Agnes lifted her heavy eyelids, and cast a shy look of distress and sympathy upon the unconscious Rector, who never missed any look of hers, but could not tell what this meant. "I do not know," said Agnes: but the question did not wake the shadow of a smile upon her face—it rather made her resentful. She thought it cruel of Miss Anastasia, now that all doubt

was over, and Lionel was certainly disinherited. Disinherited!—he had never possessed any thing actual, and nothing was taken from him; whereas Louis had been defrauded of his rights all his life; but Agnes instinctively took the part of the present sufferer—the unwitting sufferer, who suspected no evil.

But the Rector was startled in his turn by the question of Miss Anastasia. It revived in his own mind the momentary conviction of reality with which he had read the little book. When Miss Anastasia turned away for a moment, he addressed Agnes quietly aside, making a kind of appeal. "Had you, then, a real foundation—is it a true tale?" he said, looking at her with a little anxiety. She glanced up at him again, with her eyes so full of distress, anxiety, warning—then looked down with a visible paleness and trembling, faltered very much in her answer, and at last only said, expressing herself with difficulty, "It is not all real—only something like a—story I have heard."

But Agnes could not bear his inquiring look; she hastily withdrew to the other side of the room, eager to be out of reach of the eyes which followed her everywhere. For his part, Lionel's first idea was of some distress on her part, which he instinctively claimed the right to soothe; but the thing remained in his mind, and gave him a certain vague uneasiness; he read the book over again when he went home, to make it out if he could, but fell so soon into thought of the writer, and consideration of that sweet youthful voice of hers, that there was no coming to any light in the matter. He not only gave it up, but forgot it again, only marvelling what was the mystery which looked so sorrowful and so bright out of Agnes Atheling's eyes.

They all waited with some little apprehension that night for the visit of Louis.

He was very late; the evening wore away, and Miss Anastasia had long ago departed, taking with her, to the satisfaction of every one, the voluble Tyrolean; but Louis was not to be seen or heard of. Very late, as they were all preparing for rest, some one came to the door. The knock raised a sudden color on the cheeks of Marian, which had grown very pale for an hour or two. But it was not Louis; it was, however, a note from him, which Marian ran up stairs to read. She came down again a moment after, with a pale face, painfully keeping in two big tears.

"O mamma, he has gone away," said Marian. She did not want to cry, and it was impossible to speak without crying; and yet she did not like to confide to any one the lover's letter. At last the tears fell, and Marian found her voice. He had just heard suddenly something very important, had seen Mr. Foggo about it, and had hurried off to the country; he would not be detained long, he was sure; he had not a moment to explain any thing, but would write whenever he got there. "He does not even say where," said Marian sadly; and Rachel came close up to her, and cried without any restraint, as Marian very much wished, but did not like to do before her father and her brother. Mrs. Atheling took them both into a corner, and scolded them after a fashion she had. "My dears, do you think you cannot trust Louis?" said Mamma—"nonsense! we shall hear to-morrow morning. Why, he has spoken to Mr. Foggo, and you may be quite sure every thing is right, and that it was the most sensible thing he could do."

But it was very odd, certainly, not at all explainable, and withal the most reasonable thing in the world. "I would think it quite a providence," said Mrs. Atheling, "if we only heard where he was."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE first thing to be done in the morning, before it was time even for the postman, was to hasten to Killierankie Lodge, and ascertain all that could be ascertained concerning Louis from Mr. Foggo. This mission was confided to Agnes. It was a soft spring-like morning, and the first of Miss Willsie's wallflowers were beginning to blow. Miss Willsie herself was walking in her little garden, scattering crumbs upon the gravel-path for the poor dingy town-sparrows, and the stray robin whom some unlucky wind had blown to Bellevue. But Miss Willsie was disturbed out of her usual equanimity; she looked a little heated, as if she had come here to recover herself, and rather frightened her little feathered acquaintances by

the vehemence with which she threw them her daily dole. She smoothed her brow a little at sight of Agnes. "And what may you be wanting at such an hour as this?" said Miss Willsie, "if there is one thing I cannot bide, it is to see young folk wandering about, without any errand, at all the hours of the day!"

"But I have an errand," said Agnes. "I want to ask Mr. Foggo about—about Mr. Louis—if he knows where he is gone?"

Mr. Louis—his surname, as everybody supposed—was the name by which Louis was known in Bellevue.

Miss Willsie's brow puckered with a momentary anger. "I would like to know," said Miss Willsie, "why that monkey could

not content herself with a kindly lad at home: but my brother's in the parlor; you'll find him there, Agnes. Keep my patience!—Foggie's there, too—the lad from America. If there's one thing in this world I cannot endure, it's just a young man like you!"

Miss Willsie, however, reluctantly followed her young visitor into the breakfast parlor, from which the old lady had lately made an indignant and unceremonious exit. It was a very comfortable breakfast-table, fully deserving the paragraph it obtained in those "Letters from England," which are so interesting to all the readers of the *Mississippi Gazette*. There was a Scottish prodigality of creature comforts, and the fine ancient table-linen was white as snow, and there was a very unusual abundance, for a house of this class, of heavy old plate. Mr. Foggo was getting through his breakfast methodically, with the *Times* erected before him, and forming a screen between himself and his worshipful nephew; while Mr. Foggo S. Endicott, seated with a due regard to his profile, at such an angle with the light as to exhibit fitly that noble outline, conveyed his teacup a very long way up from the table, at dignified intervals, to his handsome and expressive mouth.

Agnes hastened to the elder gentleman at once, and drew him aside to make her inquiries. Mr. Foggo smiled and took a pinch of snuff. "All quite true," said Mr. Foggo; "he came to me yesterday with a paper in his hand,—a long story about next of kin wanted somewhere, and of two children belonging to some poor widow woman, who had been lost sight of a long time ago, one of whom was named Louis. That's the story; it's a mare's nest, Agnes, if you know what that is; but I thought it might divert the boy; so, instead of opposing, I furnished him for his journey, and let him go without delay. No reason why the lad should not do his endeavor for his own hand. It's good for him, though it's sure to be a failure. He has told you perfectly true."

"And where has he gone?" asked Agnes, anxiously.

"It's in one of the midland counties,—somewhere beyond Birmingham,—at this moment I do not remember the place," said Mr. Foggo; "but I took a note of it, and you'll hear from him to-morrow. We've been hearing news ourselves, Agnes. Did you tell her, Willsie, what fortune has come to you and me?"

"No," said Miss Willsie. She was turning her back upon her dutiful nephew, and frowning darkly upon the teapot. The American had no chance with his offended aunt.

"A far-away cousin of ours," said Mr. Foggo, who was very bland, and in a gracious humor, "has taken it into his head to die; and a very bonnie place indeed, in the north country—a cosy little estate and a good house—comes to me."

"I am very glad," said Agnes, brightening in sympathy; "that is good news for everybody. O, Miss Willsie, how pleased Mr. Foggo must be!"

Miss Willsie did not say a word; Mr. Foggo smiled. "Then you think a cosy estate a good thing, Agnes?" said the old gentleman. "I am rather afraid, though you write books, you are not poetical; for that is not the view of the subject taken by my nephew here."

"I despise wealth," said Mr. Endicott. "An estate, sir, is so much dirty soil. The mind is the true riches; a spark of genius is worth all the inheritances in the world!"

"And that's just so much the better for you, Foggie, my man," cried Miss Willsie, suddenly; "seeing the inheritances of this world are very little like to come to your share. If there's one thing I hate, it's a lee!"

Mr. Endicott took no notice of this abstract deliverance. "A very great estate—the ancient feudal domain—the glens and the gorges of the Highland chief, I respect, sir," said the elevated Yankee; "but a man who can influence a thousand minds—a man whose course is followed eagerly by the eyes of half a nation—such a man is not likely to be tempted to envy, by a mile of indifferent territory. My book, by which I can move a world, is my lever of Archimedes: this broadsheet"—and he laid his hand upon the pages of the *Mississippi Gazette*—"is my kingdom! Miss Atheling, I shall have the honor of paying my respects to your family to-day. I shall soon take leave of Europe. I have learned much—I have experienced much—I am rejoiced to think I have been able to throw some light upon the manners and customs of your people; and henceforward I intend to devote myself to the elucidation of my own."

"We shall be very glad to see you, Mr. Endicott," said Agnes, who was rather disposed to take his part, seeing he stood alone. "Now I must hasten home and tell them. We were all very anxious; but every one will be glad, Mr. Foggo, to hear of you. We will feel as if the good fortune had come to ourselves."

"Ay, Agnes, and so it might, if Marian, silly monkey, had kept a thought for one that liked her well," said Miss Willsie, as she went with her young visitor. "Poor Harry! his uncle's heart yearns to him: our gear will never go to the air of a phrean aunt."

like you!" said Miss Willsie, growing very Scotch and very emphatic, as she inclined her head in the direction of Mr. Endicott; "but Harry will be little heeding who gets the siller now."

Poor Harry! since he had heard of it—since he had known of Marian's engagement, he had never had the heart to make a single appearance in Bellevue.

Mr. Endicott remembered his promise; he went forth, in state, as soon after noon as he could go with a due regard to the proper hour for a morning call. Mr. Endicott, though he had endured certain exquisite pangs of jealousy, was not afraid of Louis; he could not suppose that any one was so blind, having his claims fairly placed before them, to continue to prefer another. Such an extent of human perversity did not enter into the calculations of Mr. Endicott. And he was really "in love," like the rest of these young people. All the readers of the *Mississippi Gazette* knew of a certain lovely face, which brightened the imagination of their "representative man," and it was popularly expected, on the other side of the water, in those refined circles familiar with Mr. Endicott, that he was about to be bring his bride home. He had an additional stimulus from this expectation, and went forth to-day with the determination of securing Marian Atheling. He was a little nervous, because there was a good deal of real emotion lying at the bottom of his heart; but, after all, was more doubtful of getting an opportunity than of the answer which should follow when the opportunity was gained.

To his extreme amazement, he found Marian alone. He understood it in a moment—they had left her on purpose—they comprehended his intentions! She was pale, her beautiful eyes glistened, and were wet and dewy. Perhaps she, too, had an intuition of what was coming. He thought her subdued manner, the tremble in her voice, the eyes, which were cast down so often, and did not care to meet his full gaze, were all signs of that maiden consciousness about which he had written many a time. In the full thought of this, the eloquent young American dispensed with all preamble. He came to her side with the delightful benevolence of a lover who could put this beautiful victim of his fascination out of her suspense at once. He addressed her by her name,—he added the most endearing words he could think of,—he took her hand. The young beauty started from him absolutely with violence. "What do you mean, sir?" said Marian. Then she stood erect at a little distance, her eyes flashing, her cheek burning, holding her hands tight together,

with an air of petulant and angry defiance. Mr. Endicott was thunderstruck. "Did you not expect me—did you not understand me?" said the lover, not yet daunted. "Pardon me; I have shocked your delicate feelings. You cannot think I mean to do it, Marian, sweet British Rose? You know me too well for that; you know my mind—you appreciate my feelings. You were born to be a poet's bride—I come to offer you a poet's heart!"

Before he had concluded, Marian recovered herself; into the dewy eyes, that had been musing upon Louis, the old light of girlish mischief came arch and sweet. "I did not quite understand you, Mr. Endicott," said Marian, demurely. "You alarmed me a little; but I am very much obliged, and you are very good; only, I—I am sorry. I suppose you do not know I—I am engaged!"

She said this with a bright blush, casting down her eyes. She thought, after all, it was the honestest and the easiest fashion of dismissing her new lover.

"Engaged! Marian, you did not know of me—you were not acquainted with my sentiments," cried the American. "O, for a miserable dream of honor, will you blight my life and your own? You were not aware of my love—you were ignorant of my devotion. Beautiful Mayflower! you are free of what you did in ignorance—you are free for me!"

Marian snatched away her hand again, with resentment. "I suppose you do not mean to be very impertinent, Mr. Endicott, but you are so," cried the indignant little beauty. "I do not like you—I never did like you. I am very sorry, indeed, if you really cared for me. If I were free a hundred times over—if I never had seen any one," cried Marian vehemently, blushing with sudden passion, and feeling disposed to cry, "I never could have had any thing to say to you. Mamma—O, I am sure it is very cruel!—Mamma, will you speak to Mr. Endicott? He has been very rude to me!"

Mamma, who came in at the moment out of the garden, started with amazement to see the flushed cheeks of Marian, and Mr. Endicott, who stood in an appealing attitude, with the most crestfallen and astonished face. Marian ran from the room in an instant, scarcely able to restrain her tears of vexation and annoyance till she was out of sight. Mrs. Atheling placed a chair for Mr. Endicott very solemnly. "What has happened?—what have you been saying, Mr. Endicott?" said the indignant mother.

"I have only been offering to your daughter's acceptance all that a man has to offer," said the American, with a little real dignity.

"It is over; the young lady has made her own election—she rejects me! It is well! it is but another depth of human suffering opening to his feet who must tread them all! But I have nothing to apologize for. Madam, farewell!"

"O, stay a moment! I am very sorry—she is so young. I am sure she did not mean to offend you," said Mrs. Atheling, with distress. "She is engaged, Mr. Endicott. Miss Willsie knew of it. I am sure I am grieved if the foolish child has answered you unkindly; but she is engaged."

"So I am aware, madam," said Mr. Endicott, gloomily; "may it be for her happiness—may no poetic retribution attend her! As for me, my art is my lifelong

consolation. This, even, is for the benefit of the world; do not concern yourself for me."

But Mrs. Atheling hastened up stairs, when he was gone, to reprove her daughter. To her surprise, Marian defended herself with spirit. "He was impertinent, mamma," said Marian; "he said if I had known he cared for me, I would not have been engaged. He! when everybody knows I never would speak to him. It was he who insulted me!"

So Mr. Endicott's English romance ended, after all, in a paragraph which, when the time comes, we shall feel a melancholy pleasure in transcribing from the eloquent pages of the *Mississippi Gazette*.

CHAPTER XXV.

This evening was extremely quiet, and something dull to the inhabitants of Bellevue. Though everybody knew of the little adventure of Mr. Endicott, the young people were all too reverential of the romance of youth themselves to laugh very freely at the disappointed lover. Charlie sat by himself, in the best room, sedulously making out his case. Charlie had risen into a person of great importance at the office since his return, and, youth as he was, was trusted so far as to draw up the brief for the counsel who was to conduct this great case; so they had not even his presence to enliven the family circle, which was very dull without Louis. Then Agnes, for her part, had grown daily more self-occupied; Mrs. Atheling pondered over this, half understood it, and did not ask a question on the subject. She glanced very often at the side-table, where her elder daughter sat writing. This was not a common evening occupation with Agnes; but she found a solace in that making of fables, and was forth again, appealing earnestly, with all the power and privilege of her art, not so much to her universal audience as to one among them, who by-and-by might find out the second meaning—the more fervent personal voice.

As for Marian and Rachel, they both sat at work somewhat melancholy, whispering to each other now and then, speaking low when they spoke to any one else. Papa was at his newspapers, reading little bits of news to them; but even Papa was cloudy, and there was a certain shade of dulness and melancholy over all the house.

Some one came to the door when the evening was far advanced, and held a long parley with Susan; the issue of which was, that Susan made her appearance in the parlor to ask information. "A man, ma'am, that Mr. Louis appointed to come to him to-

night," said Susan, "and he wants to know, please, when Mr. Louis is coming home."

Mrs. Atheling went to the door to answer the inquiry; then, having become somewhat of a plotter herself by force of example, she bethought her of calling Charlie. The man was brought into the best room; he was an ordinary-looking elderly man, like a small shopkeeper. He stated what he wanted slowly, without any of the town sharpness. He said the young gentleman was making out some account,—as he understood,—about Lord Winterbourne, and, being once about the Hall in his young days, had come to him to ask some questions. He was a likely young gentleman, and summat in his own mind told the speaker he had seen his face afore, whether it were about the Hall, or where it were, deponent did not know; but, thinking upon it, just bethought him at this moment that he was mortal like the old lord. Now the young gentleman,—as he heard,—had gone sudden away to the country, and the lady of the house where he lived had sent the perplexed caller here.

"I know very well about that quarter myself," said Mrs. Atheling. "Do you know the Old Wood Lodge? that belongs to us; and if you have friends in the village, I dare say I will know your name."

The man put up his hand to his forehead, respectfully. "I knowed the old lady at the Lodge many a year ago," said he. "My name's John Morrall. I was no more nor a helper at the stables in my day; and a sister of mine had charge of some children about the Hall."

"Some children—who were they?" said Charlie. "Perhaps Lord Winterbourne's children; but that would be very long ago."

"Well, sir," said the man, with a little confusion, glancing aside at Mrs. Atheling, "saving the lady's presenee, I'd be bold to

say that they was my lord's but in a sort of an—unlawful way; two poor little morsels of twins, that never had nothing like other children. He wasn't any way kind to them, wasn't my lord."

"I think I know the children you mean," said Charlie, to the surprise and admiration of his mother, who checked, accordingly, the exclamation on her own lips. "Do you know where they came from?—were you there when they were brought to the Hall?"

"Ay, sir, I know—no man better," said Morrall. "Sally was the woman,—all along of my lord's man that she was keeping company with the same time, little knowing, poor soul, what she was to come to,—that brought them unfortunate babbies out of London. I don't know no more. Sally's opinion was, they came out o' foreign parts, afore that; for the nurse they had with them, Sally said, was some outlandish kind of a Portugee."

"A Portugee!" exclaimed both the listeners in dismay, but Charlie added immediately. "What made your sister suppose she was a Portugee?"

"Well, sir, she was one of them foreign kind of folks—but nowadays like my lady's French maid, Sally said—so taking thought what she was, a cousin of ours that's a sailor made no doubt but she was a Portugee—so she give up the little things to Sally, not one of them able to say a word to each other; for the foreign woman, poor soul, knew no English, and Sally brought down the babbies to the Hall."

"Does your sister live at Winterbourne?" asked Charlie.

"What, Sally, sir? poor soul!" said John Morrall, "to her grief she married my lord's man, again, all we could say, and he went pure to the bad, as was to be seen of him, and 'listed—and now she's off in Ireland

with the regiment, a poor creature as you could see—five children, ma'am, alive, and she's had ten; always striving to do her best, but never able, poor soul, to keep a decent gown to her back."

"Will you tell me where she is?" said Charlie, while his mother went hospitably away to bring a glass of wine, a rare and unusual dainty, for the refreshment of this most welcome visitor—"there is an inquiry going on at present, and her evidence might be of great value; it will be good for her, don't fear. Let me know where she is."

While Charlie took down the address, his mother, with her own hand, served Mr. John Morrall with a slice of cake and a comfortable glass of port-wine. "But I am sure you are comfortable yourself—you look so, at least."

"I am in the green-grocery trade," said their visitor, putting up his hand again with "his respects," "and got a good wife and three as likely childer as a man could desire. It ain't just as easy as it might be keeping all things square, but we always get on; and lord! if folks had no crosses, they'd ne'er know they were born. Look at Sally, there's a picture!—and it, says I, don't become such like as us to complain."

Finally, having finished his refreshment, and left his own address with a supplementary note, and touch of the forehead—"It ain't very far off; glad to serve you, ma'am"—Mr. John Morrall withdrew. Then Charlie returned to his papers, but not quite so composedly as usual. "Put up my travelling-bag, mother," said Charlie, after a few ineffectual attempts to resume; "I'll not write any more to-night; it's just nine o'clock. I'll step over and see old Foggo, and be off to Ireland to-morrow, without delay."

CHAPTER XXVI.

APRIL, as cloudless and almost as warm as summer, a day when all the spring was swelling sweet in all the young buds and primroses, and the broad dewy country smiled and glistened under the rising of that sun, which day by day shone warmer and fuller on the woods and on the fields. But the point of interest was not the country; it was not a spring festival which drew so many interested faces along the high-road. An expectation not half so amiable, was abroad among the gentry of Banburyshire—a great many people, quite an unusual crowd, took their way to the spring assizes to listen to a trial which was not at all important on its own account. The defendants were not even known among the country people, nor was there much curiosity about them. It was a family quarrel which roused the kind and

amiable expectations of all these excellent people,—The Honorable Anastasia Rivers against Lord Winterbourne. It was popularly anticipated that Miss Anastasia herself was to appear in the witness-box, and everybody who knew the belligerents, delighted at the prospect of mischief, hastened to be present at the fight.

And there was a universal gathering, besides, of all the people more immediately interested in this beginning of the war. Lord Winterbourne himself, with a certain ghastly levity in his demeanor, which sat ill upon his bloodless face, and accorded still worse with the mourner's dress which he wore, graced the bench. Charlie Atheling sat in his proper place below, as agent for the defendant, within reach of the counsel for the same. His mother and sisters were

with Miss Anastasia, in a very favorable place for seeing and hearing; the Rector was not far from them, very much interested, but exceedingly surprised at the unchanging paleness of Agnes, and the obstinacy with which she refused to meet his eye; for that she avoided him, and seemed overwhelmed by some secret and uncommunicated mystery, which no one else, even in her own family, shared, was clear enough to a perception quickened by the extreme "interest" which Lionel Rivers felt in Agnes Atheling. Even Rachel had been brought thither in the train of Miss Anastasia; and though rather disturbed by her position, and by the disagreeable and somewhat terrifying consciousness of being observed by Lord Winterbourne, in whose presence she had not been before, since the time she left the Hall, Rachel, with her veil over her face, had a certain timid enjoyment of the bustle and novelty of the scene. Louis, too, was there, sent down on the previous night with a commission from Mr. Foggo; there was no one wanting. The two or three who knew the tactics of the day, awaited their disclosure with great secret excitement, speculating upon their effect; and those who did not, looked on eagerly, with interest, and anxiety, and hope.

Only Agnes sat drawing back from them, between her mother and sister, letting her veil hang with a pitiful unconcern in thick double folds half over her pale face. She did not care to lift her eyes; she looked heavy, wretched, spiritless; she could not keep her thoughts upon the smiling side of the picture; she thought only of the sudden blow about to fall—of the bitter sense of deception and craftiness, of the overwhelming disappointment which this day must bring forth.

The case commenced. Lord Winterbourne's counsel stated the plea of his noble client; it did not occupy a very long time, for no one supposed it very important. The statement was, that Miss Bridget Atheling had been presented, by the late Lord Winterbourne, with a life-interest in the little property involved; that the Old Wood Lodge, the only property in the immediate neighborhood which was not in the peaceful possession of Lord Winterbourne, had never been separated or alienated from the estate; that, in fact, the gift to Miss Bridget was a mere tenant's claim upon the house during her lifetime, with no power of bequest whatever; and the present Lord Winterbourne's toleration of its brief occupancy by the persons in possession, was merely a good-humored carelessness on the part of his lordship of a matter not sufficiently important to occupy his thoughts. The only evi-

dence offered was the distinct enumeration of the Old Wood Lodge along with the Old Wood House, and the cottages in the village of Winterbourne as in possession of the family at the accession of the late lord; and the learned gentleman concluded his case by declaring that he confidently challenged his opponent to produce any deed or document whatever, which so much as implied that the property had been bestowed upon Bridget Atheling. No deed of gift,—no conveyance,—nothing whatever in the shape of title-deeds, he was confident, existed to support the claim of the defendant; a claim which, if it was not a direct attempt to profit by the inadvertence of his noble client, was certainly a very ugly and startling mistake.

So far every thing was brief enough, and conclusive enough, as it appeared. The audience was decidedly disappointed: if the answer was after this style, there was no "fun" to be expected, and it had been an entire hoax which seduced the Banburyshire notabilities to waste the April afternoon in a crowded court-house. But Miss Anastasia, swelling with anxiety and yet with triumph, was visible to every one; visible also, to one eye, was something very different—Agnes, pale, shrinking, closing her eyes, looking as if she would faint. The Rector made his way behind, and spoke to her anxiously. He was afraid she was ill; could he assist her through the crowd? Agnes turned her face to him for a moment, and her eyes, which looked so dilated and pitiful, but only said "No, no," in a hurried whisper, and turned again. The counsel on the other side had risen, and was about to begin the defence.

"My learned brother is correct, and doubtless knows himself to be so," said the advocate of the Athelings, "We have no deed to produce, though we have something nearly as good; but, my lord, I am instructed suddenly to change the entire ground of my plea. Certain information which has come to the knowledge of my clients, but which it was not their wish to make public at present, has been now communicated to me; and I beg to object at once to the further progress of the suit, on a ground which your lordship will at once acknowledge to be just and forcible. I assert that the present bearer of the title is not the true Lord Winterbourne."

There rose immediately a hum and murmur of the strangest character—not applause, not disapproval—simple consternation, so extreme that no one could restrain its utterance. People rose up and stared at the speaker, as if he had been seized with sudden madness in their presence; then there ensued a scene of much tumult and agitation. The

judges on the bench interposed, indignantly. The counsel for Lord Winterbourne sprang to his feet, appealing, with excitement, to their lordships—was this to be permitted? Even the audience, Lord Winterbourne's neighbors, who had no love for him, pressed forward as if to support him in this crisis, and with resentment and disapproval looked upon Miss Anastasia, to whom every one turned instinctively, as to a conspirator who had overshot the mark. It was scarcely possible for the daring speaker to gain himself a hearing. When he did so, at last, it was rather as a culprit than an accuser. But even the frown of a chief-justice did not appal a man who held Charlie Atheling's papers in his hands; he was heard again, declaring, with force and dignity, that he was incapable of making such a statement without proofs in his possession which put it beyond controversy. He begged but a moment's patience, in justice to himself and to his client, while he placed an abstract of the case and the evidence in their lordships' hands.

Then to the sudden hum and stir, which the officials of the court had not been able to put down, succeeded that total, strange, almost appalling stillness of a crowd, which is so very impressive at all times. While the judges consulted together, looking keenly over these mysterious papers, almost every eye among the spectators was riveted upon them. No one noticed even Lord Winterbourne, who stood up in his place unconsciously, overlooking them all, quite unaware of the prominence and singularity of his position, gazing before him with a motionless, blank stare, like a man looking into the face of Fate. The auditors waited almost breathless for the decision of the law. That any thing so wild and startling could ever be taken into consideration by those grave authorities was of itself extraordinary; and as the consultation was prolonged, the anxiety grew gradually greater. Could there be reality in it? could it be true?

At last the elder judge broke the silence. "This is a very serious statement," he said; "of course, it involves issues much more important than the present question. As further proceedings will doubtless be grounded

on these documents, it is our opinion that the hearing of this case had better be adjourned."

Lord Winterbourne seated himself when he heard the voice—it broke the spell; but not so Louis, who stood beneath, alone, looking straight up at the speaker in his judicial throne. The truth flashed to the mind of Louis like a gleam of lightning. He did not ask a question, though Charlie was close by him; he did not turn his head, though Miss Anastasia was within reach of his eye; his whole brain seemed to burn and glow; the veins swelled upon his forehead; he raised up his head for air, for breath, like a man overwhelmed; he did not see how the gaze of half the assembly began to be attracted to himself. In this sudden pause he stood still, following out the conviction which burst upon him,—this conviction, which suddenly, like a sunbeam, made all things clear. Wrong as he had been in the details, his imagination was true as the most unerring judgment. For what child in the world was it so much this man's interest to disgrace and disable as the child whose rights he usurped—his brother's lawful heir? This silence was like a lifetime to Louis, but it ended in a moment. Some confused talking followed,—objections on the part of Lord Winterbourne's representative, which were overruled; and then another case was called—a common little contest touching mere lands and houses—and every one awoke, as at the touch of a disenchanting rod, to the common pale daylight and common controversy, as from a dream.

Then the people streamed out in agitated groups, some retaining their first impulse of contradiction and resentment; others giving up at once, and receiving the decision of the judges as final. Then Agnes looked back, with a sick and trembling anxiety, for the Rector. The Rector was gone; and they all followed one after another, silent in the great tremor of their excitement. When they came to the open air, Marian began to ask questions eagerly, and Rachel to cry behind her veil, and cast woeful, wistful looks at Miss Anastasia. What was it? what was the matter? was it any thing about Louis? who was Lord Winterbourne?

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I do not know how he takes it, mother," said Charlie. "I do not know if he takes it at all; he has not spoken a single word all the way home."

He did not seem disposed to speak many now; he went into Miss Bridget's dusky little parlor, lingering a moment at the door, and bending forward in reflection from the little sloping mirror on the wall. The young

man was greatly moved, silent with inexpressible emotion; he went up to Marian first, and, in the presence of them all, kissed her little trembling hand and her white cheek; then he drew her forward with him, holding her up with his own arm, which trembled too, and came direct to Miss Anastasia, who was seated, pale, and making gigantic efforts to command herself, in old

Miss Bridget's chair. "This is my bride," said Louis, faintly, yet with quivering lips. "What are we to call you?"

The old lady looked at him for a moment, vainly endeavoring to retain her self-possession—then sprang up suddenly, grasped him in her arms, and broke forth in such a cry of weeping as never had been heard before under this peaceful roof. "What you will! what you will! my boy, my heir, my father's son," cried Miss Anastasia, lifting up her voice. No one moved, or spoke a word,—it was like one of those old agonies of thanksgiving in the old Scriptures, when a Joseph or a Jacob, parted for half a patriarch's lifetime, "fell upon his neck and wept."

When this moment of extreme agitation was over, the principal actors in the family drama came again into a moderate degree of calmness; Louis was almost solemn in his extreme youthful gravity. The young man was changed in a moment, as, perhaps, nothing but this overwhelming flood of honor and prosperity could have changed him. He desired to see the evidence, and investigate his own claims thoroughly, as it was natural he should; then he asked Charlie to go out with him, for there was not a great deal of room in this little house for private conference. The two young men went forth together through those quiet, well-known lanes, upon which Louis gazed with a giddy eye. "This should have come to me in some place where I was a stranger," he said, with excitement; "it might have seemed more credible, more reasonable, in a less familiar place. Here, where I have been an outcast, and dishonored, all my life—here!"

"Your own property," said Charlie. "I'm not a poetical man, you know—it is no use trying,—but I'd come to a little sentiment, I confess, if I were you."

"In the mean time there are other people concerned," said Louis, taking Charlie's arm, and turning him somewhat hurriedly away from the edge of the wood, which at this epoch of his fortunes, the scene of so many despairing fancies, was rather more than he chose to experiment upon. "You are not poetical, Charlie. I do not suppose it has come to your turn yet, but we do not want poetry to-night—there are other people concerned. So far as I can see, your case—I can scarcely call it mine, who have had no hand in it—is clear as daylight,—indisputable. Is it so?—you know better than me."

"Indisputable," said Charlie, authoritatively.

"Then it should never come to a trial—for the honor of the house—for pity," said the heir. "A bad man taken in the toils is

a very miserable thing to look at, Charlie; let us spare him if we can. I should like you to get some one who is to be trusted,—say Mr. Foggo, with some well-known man along with him,—to wait upon Lord Winterbourne. Let them go into the case fully, and show him every thing; say that I am quite willing the world should think he had done it in ignorance, and persuade, that is, if he is convinced, and they have perfect confidence in the case. The story need not be publicly known. Is it practicable?—tell me at once."

"It's practicable if he'll do it," said Charlie; "but he'll not do it, that's all."

"How do you know he'll not do it?—it is to save himself," said Louis.

"If he had not known it all along, he'd have given in," said Charlie, "and taken your offer, of course; but he *has* known it all along—it's been his ghost for years. He has his plans all prepared and ready, you may be perfectly sure. It is generous of you to suggest such a thing, but *he* would suppose it a sign of weakness. Never mind that—it's not of the least importance what he supposes; if you desire it, we can try."

"I do desire it," said Louis; "and there, Charlie, there is the Rector."

Charlie shook his head regretfully. "I am sorry for him myself," said the young lawyer; "but what can you do?"

"He has been extremely kind to me," said Louis, with a slight trembling in his voice—"kinder than any one in the world, except your own family. There is his house—I see what to do; let us go at once and explain every thing to him to-night."

"To-night! that's premature—showing your hand," said Charlie, startled in his professional caution: "never mind, you can stand it; he's a fine fellow, though he is the other line. If you like it, I don't object; but what will you say?"

"He ought to have his share," said Louis; "don't interrupt me, Charlie; it is more generous in our case to receive than to give. He ought, if I represent the elder branch, to have the younger's share: he ought to permit me to do as much for him as he would have done for me. Ah, he bade me look at the pictures to see that I was a Rivers. I did not suppose any miracle on earth could make me proud of the name."

They went on hastily together in the early gathering darkness. The Old Wood House stood blank and dull as usual, with all its closed blinds; but the gracious young Curate, meditating his sermon, and much elated by his persecutions, was straying about the well-kept paths. Mr. Mead has-

tened to tell them that Mr. Rivers had left home—"hastened away instantly to appear in our own case," said the young clergyman. "The powers of this world are in array against us; we suffer persecution, as becomes the true church. The Rector left hurriedly to appear in person. He is a devoted man, a noble Anglican. I smile myself at the reproaches of our adversary; I have no fear."

"We may see him in town," said Louis, turning away with disappointment. "If you write, will you mention that I have been here to-night, to beg his counsel and friendship—I, Louis Rivers—" A sudden color flushed over the young man's face; he pronounced the name with a nervous firmness; it was the first time he had called himself by any save his baptismal name all his life.

As they turned and walked home again,

Louis relapsed into his first agitated consciousness, and did not care to say a word. Louis Rivers! lawful heir and only son of a noble English peer and an unsullied mother. It was little wonder if the young man's heart swelled within him, too high for a word or a thought. He blotted out the past with a generous haste, unwilling to remember a single wrong done to him in the time of his humiliation, and looked out upon the future as upon a glorious vision, almost too wonderful to be realized: it was best to rest in this agitated moment of strange triumph, humility, and power, to convince himself that this was real, and to project his anticipations forward only with a generous anxiety for the concerns of others, with no question, when all questions were so overwhelming and incredible, after this extraordinary fortune of his own.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It would not be easy to describe the state of mind of the feminine portion of this family which remained at home. Marian, in a strange and overpowering tumult—Marian, who was the first and most intimately concerned, her cheek burning still under the touch of her lover's trembling lip in that second and more solemn betrothal, sat on a stool, half hidden by Miss Anastasia's big chair and ample skirts, supporting her flushed cheeks on those pretty rose-tipped hands, to which the flush seemed to have extended; her beautiful hair drooping down among her fingers; her eyes cast down; her heart leaping like a bird against her breast. Her own vague suspicions, keen and eager as they were, had never pointed half so far as this. If it did not "turn her head" altogether, it was more because the little head was giddy with amaze and confusion, than from any virtue on the part of Marian. She was quite beyond the power of thinking; a strange, brilliant, extraordinary panorama glided before her,—Louis in Bellevue; Louis at the Old Wood Lodge; Louis, the lord of all he looked upon, in Winterbourne Hall!

Rachel, for her part, was to be found, now in one corner, now in another, generally crying very heartily, and with a general vague impulse of kissing every one in the present little company with thanks and gratitude, and being caressed and sympathized with in turn. The only one here, indeed, who seemed in her full senses was Agnes, who kept them all in a certain degree of self-possession. *It was all over*, at last, after so long a time of suspense and mystery; Agnes was relieved of her secret knowledge. She was grave, but she did not

refuse to participate in the confused joy and thankfulness of the house. Now that the secret was revealed, her mind returned to its usual tone. Though she had so much "interest" in Lionel,—almost as much as he felt in her,—she had too high a mind herself to suppose him overwhelmed with the single fact that his inheritance had passed away from him. When all was told, she breathed freely. She had all the confidence in him which one high heart has in another. After the first shock, she prophesied proudly, with her own mind, how soon his noble spirit would recover itself. Perhaps she anticipated other scenes in that undeveloped future, which might touch her own heart with a stronger thrill than even the marvellous change which was now working; perhaps the faint dawn of color on her pale cheek came from an imagination far more immediate and personal than any dream which ever before had flushed the maiden firmament of Agnes Atheling's meditations. However that might be, she said not a single word upon the subject: she assumed to herself quietly the post of universal ministrator, attended to the household wants as much as the little party, all excited and sublimed out of any recollection of ordinary necessities, would permit her: and lacking nothing in sympathy, yet quicker than any one, insensibly to herself formed the link between this little agitated world of private history and the larger world, not at all moved from its every-day balance, which lay calm and great without.

"I sign a universal amnesty," said Miss Anastasia abruptly, after a long silence—"himself, if he would consult his own interest, I could pass over his faults to-day."

"Poor Mr. Reginald!" said Mrs. Atheling, wiping her eyes. "I beg your pardon, Miss Rivers; he has done a great deal of wrong, but I am very sorry for him: I was so when he lost his son; ah, no doubt he thinks this is a very small matter after that."

"Hush, child, the man is guilty," said Miss Anastasia with strong emphasis. "Young George Rivers went to his grave in peace. Whom the Gods love die young; it was very well. I forgive his father if he withdraws; he will, if he has a spark of honor. The only person who I am grieved for is Lionel—he, indeed, might have cause to complain. Agnes Atheling do you know where he has gone?"

"No." Agnes affected no surprise that the question should be asked her, and did not even show any emotion. Marian, with a sudden impulse of generosity, got up instantly, and came to her sister. "O, Agnes, I am very sorry," said the little beauty, with her palpitating heart; and Marian put her pretty arms round Agnes' neck to console and comfort her, as Agnes might have done to Marian had Louis been in distress instead of joy.

Agnes drew herself instinctively out of her sister's embrace. She had no right to be looked upon as the representative of Lionel, yet she could not help speaking, in her confidence and pride in him, with a kindling cheek and rising heart. "I am not sorry for Mr. Rivers now," said Agnes, firmly; "I was so while this secret was kept from him—while he was deceived; but I think no one who does him due credit can venture to pity him now."

Miss Anastasia roused herself a little at the sound of the voice. This pride, which sounded a little like defiance, stirred the old lady's heart like the sound of a trumpet; she had more pleasure in it than she had felt in any thing, save her first welcome of

Louis a few hours ago. She looked steadily into the eyes of Agnes, who met her gaze without shrinking, though with a rapid variation of color. Whatever imputations she herself might be subject to in consequence, Agnes could not sit by silent, and hear *him* either pitied or belied.

"I wonder, may I go and see Miss Rivers? Would it be proper?" asked Rachel timidly, making a sudden diversion, as Rachel had rather a habit of doing; "she wanted me to stay with her once; she was very kind to me."

"I suppose we must not call you the Honorable Rachel Rivers just yet; eh, little girl?" said Miss Anastasia, turning upon her; "and you, Marian, you little beauty, how shall you like to be Lady Winterbourne?"

"Lady Winterbourne! I always said she was to be for Louis," cried Rachel—"always; the first time I saw her; you know I did, Agnes; and often I wondered why she should be so pretty—she who did not want it, who was happy enough to have been ugly, if she had liked; but I see it now—I see the reason now!"

"Don't hide your head, little one; it is quite true," said Miss Anastasia, once more a little touched at her heart to see the beautiful little figure, fain to glide out of everybody's sight, stealing away in a moment into the natural refuge, the mother's shadow; while the mother, smiling and sobbing, had entirely given up all attempt at any show of self-command. "Agnes has something else to do in this hard-fighting world. You are the flower that must know neither winds nor storm. I don't speak to make you vain, you beautiful child. God gave you your lovely looks, as well as your strange fortune; and Agnes, child, lift up your head! the contest and the trial are for you; but not, God forbid it! as they came to me."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOUIS and Rachel returned that night with Miss Anastasia to the Priory, which, the old lady said proudly—the family jointure house for four or five generations—should be their home till the young heir took possession of his paternal house. The time which followed was too busy, rapid, and exciting for a slow and detailed history. The first legal steps were taken instantly in the case, and proper notices served upon Lord Winterbourne. In Miss Anastasia's animated and anxious house dwelt the Tyrolese, painfully acquiring some scant morsels of English, very well contented with her present quarters, and only anxious to secure some extravagant preferment for her son. Mrs. Atheling and her daughters had

returned home, and Louis came and went constantly to town, actively engaged himself in all the arrangements, full of anxious plans and undertakings for the ease and benefit of the other parties concerned. Miss Anastasia, with a little reluctance, had given her consent to the young man's plan of a compromise, by which his uncle, unattacked and undisgraced, might retire from his usurped possessions with a sufficient and suitable income. The ideas of Louis were magnificent and princely. He would have been content to mulct himself of half the revenues of his inheritance, and scarcely would listen to the prudent cautions of his advisers. He was even reluctant that the first formal steps

should be taken before Mr. Foggo and an eminent and well known attorney, personally acquainted with his uncle, had waited upon Lord Winterbourne. He was overruled; but this solemn deputation lost no time in proceeding on its mission. Speedy as they were, however, they were too late for the alarmed and startled peer. He had left home, they ascertained, very shortly after the late trial—had gone abroad, as it was supposed, leaving no information as to the time of his return. The only thing which could be done in the circumstances was hastened by the eager exertions of Louis. The two lawyers wrote a formal letter to Lord Winterbourne, stating their case and making their offer, and despatched it to the Hall, to be forwarded to him. No answer came, though Louis persuaded his agents to wait for it, and even to delay the legal proceedings. The only notice taken of it was a paragraph in one of the fashionable newspapers, to the effect that the late proceedings at Oxford, impugning the title of a respected nobleman, proved now to be a mere trick of some pettifogging lawyer, entirely unsupported, and likely to call forth proceedings for libel, involving a good deal of romantic family history, and extremely interesting to the public. After this Louis could no longer restrain the natural progress of the matter. He gave it up, indeed, at once, and did not try; and Miss Anastasia pronounced emphatically one of her antique proverbs, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

This was not the only business on the hands of Louis. He had found it impossible, on repeated trials, to see the Rector. At the Old Wood House it was said that Mr. Rivers was from home; at his London lodgings he had not been heard of. The suit was given against him in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and Mr. Mead, alone in the discharge of his duty, mourned over a stripped altar and desolated sanctuary, where the tall candles blazed no longer in the religious gloom. When it became evident at last that the Rector did not mean to give his young relative the interview he sought, Louis, strangely transformed as he was from the petulant youth always ready to take offence to the long-suffering man, addressed Lionel as his solicitors had addressed his uncle. He wrote a long letter, generous and full of hearty feeling; he reminded his kinsman of the favors he had himself accepted at his hands. He drew a very vivid picture of his own past and present position. He declared, with all a young man's fervor, that he could have no pleasure even in his own extraordinary change of fortune, were it the means of inflicting a vast and unmitigated loss upon his cousin. He threw himself upon

Lionel's generosity—he appealed to his natural sense of justice—he used a hundred arguments which were perfectly suitable and in character from him, but which, certainly, no man as proud and as generous as himself could be expected to listen to; and, finally, ended with protesting an unquestionable claim upon Lionel—the claim of a man deeply indebted to, and befriended by him. The letter overflowed with the earnestness and sincerity of the writer; he assumed his case throughout with the most entire honesty, having no doubt whatever upon the subject, and confided his intentions and prospects to Lionel with a complete and anxious confidence, which he had not bestowed upon any other living man.

This letter called forth an answer, written from a country town in a remote part of England. The Rector wrote with an evident effort at cordiality. He declined all Louis' overtures in the most uncompromising terms, but congratulated him upon his altered circumstances. He said he had taken care to examine into the case before leaving London, and was thoroughly convinced of the justice of the new claim. "One thing I will ask of you," said Mr. Rivers; "I only wait to resign my living until I can be sure of the next presentation falling into your hands. Give it to Mr. Mead. The cause of my withdrawal is entirely private and personal. I had resolved upon it months ago, and it has no connection whatever with recent circumstances. I hope no one thinks so meanly of me as to suppose I am dismayed by the substitution of another heir in my room. One thing in this matter has really wounded me, and that is the fact that no one concerned thought me worthy to know a secret so important, and one which it was alike my duty and my right to help to a satisfactory conclusion. I have lost nothing actual, so far as rank or means is concerned; but, more intolerable than any vulgar loss, I find a sudden cloud thrown upon the perfect sincerity and truth of some whom I have been disposed to trust as men trust Heaven."

The letter concluded with good wishes—that was all; there was no response to the confidence, no answer to the effusion of heartfelt and fervent feeling which had been in Louis's letter. The young man was not accustomed to be repulsed; perhaps, in all his life, it was the first time he had asked a favor from any one, and had Louis been poor and without friends, as he was or thought himself six months ago, such a tone would have galled him beyond endurance. But there is a charm in a gracious and relenting fortune. Louis, who had once been the very armadillo of youthful haughtiness, suddenly distinguished himself by the most magnanimous

patience, would not take offence, and put away his kinsman's haughty letter with regret, but without any resentment. Nothing was before him now but the plain course of events, and to them he committed himself frankly, resolved to do what could be done, but addressing no more appeals to the losing side.

Part of the Rector's letter Louis showed to Marian, and Marian repeated it to Agnes. It was cruel—it was unjust of Lionel—and he knew himself that it was. Agnes, it was possible, did not know—at all events she had no right to betray to him the secrets of another; more than that, he knew the meaning now of the little book which he carried everywhere with him, and felt in his heart that *he* was the real person addressed. He knew all that quite as well as she did, as she

tried, with a quivering lip and a proud wet eye, to fortify herself against the injustice of his reproach, but that did not hinder him from saying it. He was in that condition—known, perhaps, occasionally to most of us—when one feels a certain perverse pleasure in wounding one's dearest. He had no chance of mentioning her, who occupied so much of his thoughts, in any other way, and he would rather put a reproach upon Agnes than leave her alone altogether; perhaps she herself even, after all, at the bottom of her heart, was better satisfied to be referred to thus, than to be left out of his thoughts. They had never spoken to each other a single word which could be called wooing—now they were perhaps separated forever—yet how strange a link of union, concord, and opposition, was between these two!

PAINTERS' ANACHRONISMS.—Since forwarding my observations on the hare which figures in mediæval representations of the "Last Supper," I have had an opportunity of looking in again at Lord Ward's pictures, and find the little painting by Albert Durer less extraordinary than I had supposed; indeed, it is quite thrown into the shade by a Dutch rendering of "Christ and the Crown of Thorns," which for extreme profanity has not, I should think, its equal.

Teniers seems to have been unable to leave his beloved pothouse even when treading holy ground; and consequently the Roman soldiers are so many Dutch boors, full of beer and vulgarity; and, as if not satisfied to have trencched thus far on the reverence of his admirers, the painter has represented a rude sketch of another boor stuck on the outside of the open door; and the room and furniture are quite in keeping with his Dutch imagination.

A collection of these painters' anachronisms might be made both interesting and amusing, if they have not as yet been gathered together; I believe no D'Israeli has as yet appeared to chronicle the "Curiosities of Art."

One of the most amusing I have stumbled on is mentioned in those ponderous volumes by Dibdin, wherein he narrates his foreign adventures in 1820, the "Picturesque Tour."

Noticing the cheap chap-books then so popular in that part of France, which had their centre in Caen, he gives an illustration from one of them, conveying one of these artists' conception of the "Departure of the Prodigal Son," who "is about to mount his horse and leave his father's house, in the cloke and cock'd hat of a French officer!"

In architectural details the painter is more startling still, for if there has never been a disposition to *act*, there has never been wanting inclination to *paint* "in the living present."

Gothic cathedrals and convents form backgrounds to Scripture subjects, and indeed, the conjectural architecture of Palestine alone would form no small division of the proposed collection.

Then, again, the faces and figures of the models are generally traceable to the land of the painter: there never was a race so innocent of ethnological distinctions as these artists. Albert Durer's "Prodigal with the Swine," for instance, a dissipated German Herr, with a lank face, drooping moustache, and hair enough to put to shame the full-bottomed wigs of a later century.

The last instance of this carelessness of the flight of time was in the article of costume, in a painting of a Scripture subject (in which most of these anachronisms occur) by Mr. Thomas, which hung in the rooms of the Académie last year. In the foreground of this subject a figure was represented in the slashed breeches of the fifteenth century!—*Notes and Queries.*

*** LINES FROM A PARISH REGISTER.**—Lines from a blank page in the old (A. D. 1666-1695) parish register at Eckington, Derbyshire:

"*Omnia falce metit tempus.*"

"Our Grandfathers were Papists,

Our Fathers Oliverians;

We their Sons are Atheists,

Sure our Sons will be queer ones."

—*Notes and Queries.*

"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."—Where does the line occur—

"Not lost but gone before?"

It is a most familiar quotation, yet nobody that I have asked, Lord Brougham among others, can give me the name of the author—*MINIMUS.*

—*Notes and Queries.*

WHY does a country gentleman invariably select the worst room in the house for his own private apartment, in which he transacts what he is pleased to call his "business," and spends the greater part of his time? At Beverley Manor there were plenty of rooms cheerful, airy, and well-proportioned, in which it would have been a pleasure to live, but none of these were chosen by Sir Harry for his own; disregarding the charms of the saloon, the drawing-room, the morning-room, the billiard-room, and the hall itself, which, with a huge fire-place and a thick carpet, was by no means the least comfortable part of the house,—he had retired to a small, ill-contrived, queer-shaped apartment, dark, dusty, and uncomfortable, of which the only recommendation was that it communicated directly with the back-staircase and offices, and did not require in its own untidiness any apology on the part of muddy visitors, who had not thought of wiping their boots and shoes as they came up. A large glass gun-case, filled with double-barrels, occupied one side of the room, flanked by book-shelves, loaded with such useful but not entertaining works as the *Racing Calendar*, *White's Fartillery*, and *Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen*. In one corner was a whip-stand, hung round with many an instrument of torture. The knotted dog-whip that reduced Ponto to reason in the golden stubbles; the long-thonged hunting-whip, that brought to mind at once the deep, fragrant woodland in November, with its scarlet coats flitting down the distant ride; and the straight, punishing "cut-and-thrust," that told of Derby and St. Leger, Ditch-In, Middle-Mile, and all the struggles of Epsom and Newmarket. In another was an instrument for measuring land, and a roll of plans by which acres were to be calculated and a system of thorough draining established, with a view to golden profits.

"Draining," remarked Sir Harry, in his younger days, to an assemblage of country gentlemen, who stood aghast at the temerity of his proposition, "I am no advocate for draining!"—voices were raised, and hands uplifted in pious horror and deprecation—"all I can say is, gentlemen, that I have drained my property till I cannot get a farthing from it," was Sir Harry's conclusive reasoning, which must have satisfied Mr. Mechi himself.

A colored engraving of the well-known Beverley short-horn "Dandy," hung on one side of the fire-place, and on the other, a print of "Flying Childers," as he appeared when going at the rate of a mile in a minute, apparently ridden by a highwayman in huge jack-boots and a flowing periwig. In the centre of the room was fixed a large leather-covered writing-table, and at this table sat Sir Harry himself, prepared to administer justice and punish all offenders. He was a tall thin man, somewhat bent and bald, with a hooked nose and a bright searching eye, evidently a thorough man of the world in thought, opinion, and feeling; the artificial will become second nature if long enough persisted in, and Sir Harry had served no short apprenticeship to the trade of fashion. His dress was peculiarly neat and gentleman-like, not the least what is now termed "slang," and yet with something in it that marked the horseman. He was busy writing when we were ushered into the awful presence, and Victor and I had time to steal a look at each other, and to exchange a reassuring pressure of the hand. The young Hungarian raised his head frank and fearless as usual; I felt that I should like to sink into the ground, but yet was determined to stand by my friend.

Mr. Barrells commenced a long oration, in which he was rapidly losing himself, when his master, whose attention was evidently occupied elsewhere, suddenly looked up, and cut him short with the pertinent inquiry:

"What's all this about, Barrells? and why are these lads here?"

"We are gentlemen, and not poachers;" and "Indeed, sir, it was Bold that got away!" exclaimed Victor and I simultaneously.

At this instant a card was brought in by the butler, and placed in Sir Harry's hand; he looked at it for a moment, and then said:

"Immediate! very well, show the gentleman in."

I thought I knew the step that came along the passage, but never was failing courage more grateful for assistance than was mine to recognize in Sir Harry's visitor the familiar person of my schoolfellow, Ropeley; I cared not a farthing for the promised licking now.

"I have to apologize for disturbing you, Sir Harry," said he, standing as composed

and collected as if he were in our school-room at Everdon; even in the anxiety of the moment I remember thinking, "what would I give to possess 'manner' such as his;"—"I have to apologize for my rudeness" (Sir Harry bowed, and said, "Not at all," I wondered what he meant by *that*), "but I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you that I am a pupil of Mr. March's at Everdon" (Sir Harry looked at the tall, well-dressed figure before him, and seemed surprised), "and these two young friends of mine belong to the same establishment. I heard quite accidentally, only an hour ago, of the scrape they had got into, and I immediately hurried over here to assure you that they can have had no evil intentions in trespassing on your property, and to apologize for their thoughtlessness; partly out of respect to you, Sir Harry, and partly, I am bound to say, for the credit of the school. I am quite sure that neither Egerton nor De Rohan——"

Sir Harry started, "Egerton! De Rohan!" he exclaimed; "not the son of my old friend Philip Egerton, not young Count de Rohan—really, Mr."——(he looked at the card he held in his hand), "really, Mr. Ropsley, I am very much obliged to you for rectifying this extraordinary mistake;" but even whilst he was speaking, I had run round the table to where he sat, and seizing his hand—I remember how cold it felt between my own little hot, trembling ones—exclaimed:

"O! do you know my papa? then I am sure you will not punish us; only let us off this time, and give me back Bold, and we will promise never to come here again."

The Baronet was not a demonstrative man, nor had he much patience with those who were; he pushed me from him, I thought rather coldly, and addressed himself once more to Ropsley.

"Why, these boys are sons of two of the oldest friends I have in the world. I would not have had such a thing happen for a thousand pounds. I must apologize to *you*, young gentlemen, for the rudeness of my servants—Good Heavens! you were kept waiting in the hall: why on earth did you not give your names? your father and I were at college together, Egerton; and as for you, Monsieur le Comte, had I known you were at Everdon, I would have made a point of going over to call upon you myself; but I

have only just returned to the country, and that must be my excuse."

Victor bowed gracefully: notwithstanding his torn jacket and disordered collar, he looked "the young Count" all over, and so I am sure thought Sir Harry. Ropsley was perfectly *gentlemanlike*, but Victor was naturally *high bred*.

"Barrells, where are you going, Barrells!" resumed his master, for that discreet person, seeing the turn things were taking, was quietly leaving the room; "you always were the greatest fool that ever stood upon two legs; now let this be a warning to you—every vagabond in the county helps himself to my game whenever he pleases, and you never lay a finger on one of them; at last you insult and abuse two young gentlemen that any one but a born idiot could see were gentlemen; and bring them in here for poachers—*poachers*! as if you didn't know a poacher when you see one. Don't stand gaping there, you fool, but be off, and the other blockhead, too. Hie! here; let the dog be attended to, and one of the watchers must lead him back to Everdon when he's well again. Now see to that, and never make such a stupid mistake again."

"May I go and see Bold, sir?" said I, summoning up courage as my late captors quitted the room.

"Quite right, my little man," replied the Baronet, "so you shall, this evening; but in the mean time, I hope you'll all stay and dine with me. I'll write to your master—what's his name?—and send you back in the carriage at night; what say you, Mr. Ropsley? I can give you a capital bottle of claret."

So here were we, who one short hour before had been making up our minds to endure with fortitude the worst that could happen,—who had expected to be driven with ignominy from Beverley, and handed over to condign punishment on our return to school, if indeed we were fortunate enough to escape committal and imprisonment in the County Gaol,—now installed as honored guests in the very mansion which we had so long looked upon as a *terra incognita* of fairyland, free to visit the "hins and houts" of Beverley, with no thanks to the "King of Naples" for his assistance, and, in short, raised at one step from the abysses of school-boy despair to the height of schoolboy grati-

fication. Victor's delight was even greater than mine as we were shown into a pretty little dressing-room, overlooking the garden, to wash our hands before dinner. He said it reminded him of home, and made him feel "like a gentleman" once more.

What a dinner that was to which we sat down in the stately old dining-room, served upon massive plate by a butler and two footmen, whose magnificence made me feel quite shy in my comparative insignificance. Ropsley of course seemed as much at home as if he was in the habit of dining there every day, and Victor munched away with an appetite that seemed to afford our good-natured host immense gratification. Soup and fish, *entrées* of every description, hashed venison, iced champagne—how grateful after our hot pursuit in the summer sun—and all the minor luxuries of silver folks, clean napkins, finger-glasses, &c., were indeed a contrast to the plain roast mutton and potatoes, the two-pronged fork, and washy table-beer of our Everdon bill-of-fare. What I liked, though, better than all the eatables and drinkables, was a picture opposite which I sat, and which rivetted my attention so much as to attract the observation of Sir Harry himself.

"Ha! Egerton," said he, "you are your father all over, I see. Just like him, wild about painting. Now, I'll bet my life you're finding fault with the coloring of that picture. The last time he was here he vowed if I would let him he would paint it all over again; and yet it's one of the best pictures in England at this moment. What do you think of it, my boy? could you paint as good a one?"

"No, sir," I replied, modestly, and rather annoyed at my reverie being interrupted; "my father tries to teach me, but—but I cannot learn to paint."

Sir Harry turned away, and Ropsley whispered something about "very odd"—"poor little fellow." The dessert had just been put on the table, and Victor was busy with his strawberries and cream. There must be some truth in magnetism, there must be something in the doctrine of attraction and repulsion: why do we like some people as we dislike others, without any shadow of a reason? Homœopaths tell us that the nausea which contracts our features at the smell of a drug, is a provision of Nature to guard us against poison. Can it be that

these antipathies are implanted in our being to warn us of those who shall hereafter prove our enemies? It is not a charitable theory nor a Christian-like, and yet in my experience of life I have found many instances in which it has borne a strange semblance of truth.

Men feel by instinct swift as light
The presence of the foe,
Whom God has marked in after years
To strike the mortal blow.
The other, though his brand be sheathed,
At banquet or in hall,
Hath a forbodement of the time
When one or both must fall.

So sings the "minstrel" in his poem of *Bothwell*, but *Bothwell* was not written at the time of which I speak, and the only poetry I had ever heard to justify my antipathies was the homely quatrain of *Doctor Fell*. Still I felt somehow from that moment I hated Ropsley; it was absurd, it was ungrateful, it was ungentlemanlike, but it was undeniable.

So I buried myself in the contemplation of the picture, which possessed for me a strange fascination. The subject was Queen Dido transfixed on her funeral pyre, the very *infandum regina* to whose history I owed so many school-room sorrows. I began to think I should never hate Virgil again. The whole treatment of the picture was to the last degree unnatural, and the coloring, even to my inexperienced eye, faulty and overdone. Yet that face of mute sorrow and resignation spoke at once to the heart; the Queen lay gazing on the distant galleys which were bearing away her love, and curling their beaks and curveting, so to speak, up-hill on a green sea, in a manner that must have made the task of Palinurus no easy one when he undertook to steer the same. Her limbs were disposed stiffly, but not ungracefully, on the fatal couch, and her white bosom was pierced by the deadly blade. Yet on her sweet sad countenance the artist had depicted with wonderful skill the triumph of mental over bodily anguish; and though the features retained all woman's softness and woman's beauty, you read the breaking heart beneath. I could have looked at that picture for hours, I was lost in it even then, but the door opened, and whilst Ropsley got up with a flourish and his most respectful bow, in walked the young lady whom we had met

under far different circumstances some three hours before in the shrubbery, and quietly took her place by the side of her papa.

As I looked from Queen Dido to Miss Constance I quite started; there was the very face as if it had walked out of the canvas. Younger, certainly, and with a more childish expression about the mouth, but the same queenly brow, the same sad, serious eyes, the same delicate features and oval shape; the fascination was gone from the picture now, and yet as I looked at the child—for child she was then—I experienced once more the old, well-known pang of self-humiliation which so often poisoned my happiness: I felt so dull and awkward amongst these bright faces and polished manners, so ungainly and out of place where others were gay and at their ease. How I envied Victor's self-possession as he addressed the young lady with his pleasant foreign accent, and a certain assurance that an English boy never acquires till he is verging on manhood. How willingly would I have changed places with any one of the party. How I longed to cast the outward elough of timidity and constraint, to appear as I felt myself in reality, an equal in mind and station and feelings to the rest. For the first time in my life, as I sat a mere child at that dinner-table, came the thrilling, maddening feeling to my heart:

"O! that something would happen, something dreadful, something unheard of, that should strip from each of us all extraneous and artificial advantages, that should give us all a fair start on equal terms—something that should try our courage or our fortitude, and enable me to prove myself what I really am."

It was the first spark of ambition that ever entered my boyish breast, but when once kindled, such sparks are never completely extinguished. Fortunate is it that opportunities are wanting to fan them into flame, or we should ere long have the world in a blaze.

Miss Constance took very little notice of us beyond a cold allusion to the well-being of my dog, and it was not till Sir Harry bade her take charge of Victor and myself, and lead us out through the garden to visit our wounded favorite, that we had any conversation with this reserved young lady. Sir Harry rang for another bottle of claret, and composed himself for a good chat upon rac-

ing matters with Ropsley, who was as much at home in every thing connected with the turf as if he spent his whole time at Newmarket. Ropsley had even then a peculiar knack of being "all things to all men," and pleaded guilty besides to a very strong *penchant* for horse-racing. This latter test raised him considerably in Sir Harry's estimation, who, like the rest of mankind, took great pleasure in beckoning the young along that path of pleasure which had nearly led to his own ruin. Well, we are all children to the last; was there one whit more wisdom in the conversation of the Baronet and his guest, as to the relative merits of certain three-year-olds and the weight they could carry, than in the simple questions and answers of us three children, walking soberly along the soft garden sward in the blushing sunset? At first we were very decorous: no brocaded courtier of Queen Anne, leading his partner out to dance a minuet, could have been more polite and respectful than Victor; no dame of high degree in hoop and stomacher, more stately and reserved than Miss Constance. I said little, but watched the pair with a strange uncomfortable fascination. Ere long, however, the ice began to thaw, questions as to Christian names, and ages, and respective birth-days, brought on increased confidence and more familiar conversation. Constance showed us her doves, and was delighted to find that we too understood thoroughly the management of these soft-eyed favorites; the visit to Bold was another strong link in our dawning friendship; the little girl was so gentle and so pitiful, so caressing to the poor dog, and so sympathizing with his master, that I could not but respond to her kindness, and overcome my timidity sufficiently to thank her warmly for the interest she took in poor Bold. By the time we had all enjoyed in turn the delights of a certain swing, and played a game at battledoor and shuttlecock in the echoing hall, we were becoming fast friends, and had succeeded in interesting our new acquaintance extremely in all the details of school-boy life, and our own sufferings at Everdon. I remarked, however, that Constance took far less notice of me than of Victor; with him she seemed frank and merry and at her ease; with me, on the contrary, she retained much of her early reserve, and, I could not help fancying, rather avoided my conversa-

tion than otherwise. Well, I was used to being thrown in the background, and it was pleasure enough for me to watch that grave, earnest countenance, and speculate on the superhuman beauty of Queen Dido, to which it bore so strange a resemblance.

It was getting too dark to continue our game. We had already lost the shuttlecock three times, and it was now hopelessly perched on the frame of an old picture in the hall; when the dining-room door opened, and Sir Harry came out, still conversing earnestly with his guest on the one engrossing topic.

"I am much obliged to you for the hint," said the Baronet. "It never struck me before; and if your information is really to be depended on, I shall certainly back him. Strange that I should not have heard of the trial."

"My man dares not deceive me, I assure you," answered Ropsley, his quiet, distinct tones contrasting with Sir Harry's, who was a little flushed and voluble after his claret. "He used to do odd jobs for me when I was in the sixth form at Eton, and I met him unexpectedly enough the other day in the High-street at Bath. He is a mason by trade, and is employed repairing Beckford's tower; by the way, he had heard of *Vathek*—I am not sure that he hasn't read it, so the fellow has some brains about him. Well, I knew he hadn't been hanging about Ascot all his life for nothing, so I described the colt to him, and bade him keep his eyes open when perched in mid-air these bright mornings, with such a command of Lansdowne. Why, he knew the horse as well as

I did, and yesterday sent me a full account of the trial. I destroyed it immediately, of course, but I have it all here" (pointing to his forehead, where, indeed, Ropsley carried a curious miscellany of information). "He beat the mare at least fifty yards, and she was nearly that distance a-head of 'Slap-Jack,' so you may depend upon it he is a real flyer. I have backed him to win a large stake, at least, for a boy like me," added Ropsley, modestly; "and I do not mean to hedge a farthing of it."

Sir Harry was delighted; he had found a "young one," as he called it, after his own heart; he declared he would not wish him "Good-bye," he must come over again and see the yearlings; he must accompany him to the Bath Races. If he was to leave Everdon at the end of the half-year he must come and shoot in September; nay, they would go to Doncaster together; in short, Sir Harry was fascinated, and put us all into the carriage, which he had ordered expressly to take us back to Everdon, with many expressions of hospitality and good-will.

Bold was lifted on to the box, from whence he looked down with his tongue hanging out in a state of ludicrous helplessness and dismay. Miss Constance bade us a quiet "good-night" in tones so sweet that they rang in my ears half the way home, and so we drove off in state from the front door, as though we had not that very afternoon been brought in as culprits at the back.

Ropsley was unusually silent during the whole journey. He had established his footing at Beverley Manor, perhaps he was thinking how to "make the most of it."

CHAPTER XI.—DULCE DOMUM.

I MUST skip a few years; long years they were then to me; as I look back upon them now, they seem to have fled away like a dream. Victor and I are still at Everdon, but we are now the two senior boys in the school. De Rohan has grown into one of the handsomest youths you will often see. His blue eye is as clear and merry as ever, but the chestnut curls have turned dark and glossy, and the light, agile form is rapidly developing itself into a strong, symmetrical young man. He is still frank, gay, and unsophisticated as ever, quick enough at his studies, but utterly without perseverance, and longing ardently for the time when he shall be free to embark upon a course of

pleasure and dissipation. I am much altered too. With increasing growth and the assumption of the *toga virilis*, or that manly garment which school-boys abruptly denominate "tails," I have acquired a certain degree of outward equanimity and self-command, but still suffer much from inward misgivings as to my own appearance and personal advantages. Hopelessly I consult the glass in our joint bed-room—the same glass that daily reflects Victor's handsome face and graceful figure—and am forced unwillingly to confess that it presents to me the image of a swarthy, coarse-featured lad, with sunken eyes and scowling eyebrows, sallow in complexion, with a wide, low forehead overhung

by a profusion of bushy, black hair; this unprepossessing countenance surmounting a short square figure, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and possessed of great physical strength. Yes, I was proud of my strength. I shall never forget the day when first I discovered that nature had gifted me with one personal advantage, that I, of all others, was disposed most to appreciate. A lever had been left in the playground, by which the workmen, who were repairing the wall, intended to lift the stem of the well-known tree which had formerly constituted what we called the "The Club." We boys had come out of school whilst the men were gone to dinner. Manners, the muscular, was delighted with such an opportunity of displaying his prowess; how foolish he looked when he found himself incapable of moving the huge inert mass—he said it was impossible: two boys attempted it, then three, still the great trunk remained motionless. I asked leave to try, amidst the jeers of all, for I was usually so quiet and undemonstrative that no one believed Egerton had, in schoolboy parlance, either "pith or pluck" in him. I laid my weight to it and heaved "with a will;" the great block of timber vibrated, moved, and rolled along the sward. What a triumph it was, and how I prided myself on it. I, too, had my ideal of what I should like to be, although I would not have confessed it to a soul. I wished to be like some *preux chevalier* of the olden time; my childish longing to be loved had merged into an ardent desire to be admired: I would have been brave, and courteous, and chivalrous, and strong. Yes, in all the characters of the olden time that I so loved to study, strength was described as one of the first attributes of a hero. Sir Tristrem, Sir Launcelot, Sir Bevis, were all "strong," and my heart leapt to think that if the opportunity ever arrived, my personal strength might give me a chance of distinguishing myself, when the beautiful and gallant were helpless and overcome. But there was another qualification of which in my secret soul I had hideous misgivings,—I doubted my own courage: I knew I was nervous and timid in the common every-day pursuits of a schoolboy's life; I could not venture on a strange horse without feeling my heart in my mouth; I did not dare stop a ball that was bowled swiftly in to my wicket, nor fire a gun without shutting both eyes before I ven-

tured to pull the trigger. What if I should be a coward, after all! A *coward!* the thoughts of it almost drove me mad; and yet how could I tell but that I was branded with that hideous curse? I longed, yet dreaded, to know the worst.

In my studies I was unusually backward for a boy of my age. Virgil, thanks to the picture of Dido, never to be forgotten, I had completely mastered; but mathematics, arithmetic—all that are termed the exact sciences—I appeared totally incapable of learning. Languages I picked up with extraordinary facility, and this alone redeemed me from the character of an irreclaimable dunce.

"You *can* learn, sir, if you will," was March's constant remark, after I had arrived at the exalted position of a senior boy, to whom flogging and such coercive measures were inappropriate, and for whom "out of bonds" was not. "You *can* learn, or else why do I see you poring over Arabic and Sanscrit during play-hours, when you had much better be at cricket? You must have brains somewhere, but, to save my life, I can't find them. You can speak half-a-dozen languages, as I am informed, nearly as well as I can speak Latin, and yet, if I set you to do a 'Rule of Three' sum, you make more blunders than the lowest little dunce in the school! Egerton, I can't make you out."

It was the breaking-up day at Everdon. Victor and I walked with our arms over each other's shoulders, up and down, up and down. In the old play-ground, and as we paced those well-worn flags, of which we knew every stone, my heart sank within me to think it was for the last, *last* time. What is there that we are not sorry to do for the last time? I had hated school as much as any schoolboy could; I had looked forward to my emancipation as the captive looks forward to the opening of his prison-door; and now the time was come, and I felt grieved and out of spirits to think that I should see the old place no more.

"You must write to me constantly, Vere," said Victor, with an affectionate hug, as we took our hundredth turn. "We must never forget each other, however far apart, and next winter you must come again to Edeldorf; I shall be there when the shooting begins. O, Vere, you will be very dull at home."

"No," I replied; "I like Alton Grange,

and I like a quiet life. I am not of your way of thinking, Victor; you are never happy except in a bustle; I wish I were more like you;" and I sighed as I thought of the contrast between us.

I do not know what brought it to my mind, but I thought of Constance Beverley, and the first time we saw her when we were all children together at Beverley Manor. Since then our acquaintance had indeed progressed but little; we scarcely ever met, except on certain Sundays, when we took advantage of our liberty as senior-boys to go to church at Fleetsbury, where from the gallery we could see right into the Beverley pew, and mark the change time had wrought upon our former play-fellow. After service, at the door we might perhaps exchange a stiff greeting and a few words before she and her governess got into the carriage; and this transcendent pleasure we were content to purchase with a broiling walk of some five miles on a dusty high road, and a patient endurance of the longest sermon from the worthy rector of Fleetsbury, an excellent man, skilled in casuistry, and gifted with extraordinary powers of discourse. Victor, I think, took these expeditions in his own good-natured way, and seemed to care but little whether he went or not. One hot Sunday, I recollect, he suggested that we should dispense with afternoon church altogether, and go to bathe instead, a proposal I scouted with the utmost indignation, for I looked forward to our meetings with a passionate longing for which I could not account even to myself, and which I never for an instant dreamed of attributing to the charms of Miss Beverley. I know not now what tempted me to ask the question, but I felt myself becoming bright scarlet as I inquired of my schoolfellow whether he had not *other* friends in Somersetshire besides myself whom he would regret leaving. His reply ought to have set my mind at ease, if I was disturbed at the suspicion of his entertaining any *penchant* for Miss Beverley, for he answered at once in his own off-hand way—"None whatever that I care a sixpence about, not even that prim little girl and her governess whom you drag me five miles every Sunday to see. No, Vere, if I could take you with me, I should sing for joy the whole way from here to London. As it is, I shall not break my heart; I *am* so glad to get away from this dull, dreadful place."

Then he did not care for Miss Beverley, after all. Well, and what difference could that possibly make to me! Certainly, I was likely to see her pretty constantly in the next year or two, as our respective abodes would be but a short distance apart; but what of that? There could be nothing in common between the high-born, haughty young lady, and her awkward repulsive neighbor. Yet I was glad, too, that Victor did not care for her. All my old affection for him came back with a gush, and I wrung his hand, and cried like a fool to think we were so soon to be parted, perhaps for years. The other boys were singing *Dulce domum* in the school-room, hands joined, dancing round and round, and stamping wildly with the chorus, like so many Bacchanals: they had no regrets, no misgivings; they were not going to leave for *good*. Even Manners looked forward to his temporary release with bright anticipations of amusement. He was to spend the vacation with a clerical cousin in Devonshire, the cousin of whom we all knew so much by report, and who indeed, to judge by his relative's account, must have been an individual of extraordinary talents and attainments. The usher approached us with an expression of mingled pleasure and pain on his good-looking, vacant countenance. He had nearly finished packing his things, and was now knocking the dust out of those old green slippers I remember when first I came to Everdon. He was a good-hearted fellow, and was sorry to lose his two old friends.

"We shall miss you both very much next half," said he, "nothing but little boys here now. Everdon is not what it used to be. Dear me, we never have such a pupil as Ropsley now. When you two are gone there will be no one left for me to associate with: this is not a place for a man of energy, for a man that feels he *is* a man," added Manners, doubling his arm, and feeling if the biceps was still in its right place. "Here am I now, with a muscular frame, a good constitution, a spirit of adventure, and a military figure," (appealing to me, for Victor, as usual, was beginning to laugh), "and what chances have I of using my advantages in this circumscribed sphere of action? I might as well be a weak, puny stripling, without an atom of nerve, or manliness, or energy, for all the good I am likely

to do here. I must cut it, Egerton ; I must find a career ; I am too good for an usher—an usher," he repeated, with a strong expression of disgust ; " I, who feel it fit to fight my way anywhere—I have mistaken my profession,—I ought to have been an officer—a cavalry officer ; that would have suited me better than this dull insipid life. I must consult my cousin about it ; perhaps we shall meet again in some very different scenes. What say you, De Rohan, should you not be surprised to see me at the head of a regiment ? "

Victor could conceal his mirth no longer, and Manners turned somewhat angrily to me. " You seem to be very happy as you are," I answered, sadly, for I was contrasting his well-grown, upright figure and simple fresh-colored face, with my own repulsive exterior, and thinking how willingly I would change places with him, although he *was* an usher ; " but wherever we meet, I am sure I shall be glad to see you again." In my own heart I thought Manners was pretty certain to be at Everdon if I should revisit it that day ten years, as I was used to these

visionary schemes of his for the future, and had heard him talk in the same strain every vacation regularly since I first came to school.

But there was little time now for such speculations. The chaises were driving round to the door to take the boys away. March bid us an affectionate farewell in his study. Victor and I were presented respectively with a richly bound copy of *Horatius Flaccus* and *Virgilius Maro*—copies which, I fear, in after life, were never soiled by too much use. The last farewell was spoken—the last pressure of the hand exchanged—and we drove off on our different destinations ; my friend bound for London, Paris, and his beloved Hungary ; myself, longing to see my father once more, and taste the seclusion and repose of Alton Grange. To no boy on earth could a school-life have been more distasteful than to me ; no boy could have longed more ardently for the peaceful calm of a domestic hearth, and yet I felt lonely and out of spirits even now when I was going home.

CHAPTER XII.—ALTON GRANGE.

A DREARY old place was Alton Grange, and one which would have had a sobering, not to say a saddening, effect, even on the most mercurial temperament. To one naturally of a melancholy turn of mind, its aspect was positively dispiriting. Outside the house the grounds were overgrown with plantations and shrubberies, unthinned, and luxuriating into a wilderness that was not devoid of beauty, but it was a beauty of a sombre and uncomfortable character. Every tree and shrub of the darkest hues, seemed to shut out the sunlight from Alton Grange. Huge cedars overshadowed the slope behind the house ; hollies, junipers, and yew hedges, kept the garden in perpetual night. Old-fashioned terraces, that should have been kept in perfect repair, were sliding into decay with mouldering walls and unpropped banks, whilst a broken stone sun-dial, where sun never shone, served but to attract attention to the general dilapidation around.

It was not the old family place of the Egertons. That was in a northern county, and had been sold by my father in his days of wild extravagance long ago ; but he had succeeded to it in right of his mother at a time when he had resolved, if possible, to

save some remnant from the wreck of his property ; and when in England, he had resided here ever since. To me it was home, and dearly I loved it, with all its dullness and all its decay. The inside corresponded with the exterior. Dark passages, black wainscotings, everywhere the absence of light ; small as were the windows, they were overhung with creepers, and the walls were covered with ivy ; damp in winter, darkness in summer, were the distinguishing qualities of the old house. Of furniture there was but a scanty supply, and that of the most old-fashioned description : high-backed chairs of carved oak, black leathern fauteuils, chimney-pieces that the tallest housemaid could never reach to dust, would have impressed on a stranger ideas of any thing but comfort, whilst the decorations were confined to two or three hideous old pictures, representing the impossible sufferings of certain fabulous martyrs ; and one or two sketches of my father's, which had arrived at sufficient maturity to leave the painting-room and adorn the every-day life of the establishment.

The last-named apartment was cheerful enough : it was necessarily supplied with a sufficiency of daylight, and as my father

made it his own peculiar den, and spent the greater part of his life in it, there were present many smaller comforts and luxuries which might have been sought elsewhere in the house in vain. But no room was ever comfortable yet without a woman. Men have no idea of order without formality, or abundance without untidiness. My father had accumulated in his own particular retreat a heterogeneous mass of articles which should have had their proper places appointed, and had no business mixed up with his colors, and easel, and brushes. Sticks, whips, cloaks, umbrellas, cigar boxes, swords, and fire-arms, were mingled with lay-figures, models, studies, and draperies, in a manner that would have driven an orderly person out of his senses; but my father never troubled his head about these matters, and when he came in from a walk or ride, would fling his hat down in one corner of the room, the end of his cigar in another, his cloak or whip in a third, and begin painting again with an avidity that seemed to grow fiercer from the enforced abstinence of a few hours in taking necessary exercise. My poor father! I often think if he had devoted less attention to his art, and more to the common every-day business of life, which no one may neglect with impunity, how much better he would have succeeded, both as a painter and a man.

He was hard at work when I came home from school. I knew well where to find him, and hurried at once to the painting-room. He was seated at his easel, but as I entered he drew a screen across the canvas, and so hid his work from my inquiring gaze. I never knew him do so before; on the contrary, it had always seemed his greatest desire to instil into his son some of his own love for the art; but I had hardly time to think of this ere I was in his arms, looking up once more in the kind face on which I never in my whole life remembered to have seen a harsh expression. He was altered, though, and thinner than when I had seen him last, and his hair was now quite gray, so that the contrast with his flashing dark eye—brighter it seemed to me than ever—was almost unearthly. His hands, too, were wasted, and whiter than they used to be, and the whole figure, which I remembered once a tower of strength, was now sunk and fallen in, particularly about the chest and shoul-

ders. When he stood up, it struck me also that he was shorter than he used to be, and my heart tightened for a moment at the thought that he might be even now embarking on that long journey from which there is no return. I remembered him such a tall, handsome, stalwart man, and now he seemed so shrunk and emaciated, and quite to totter and lean on me for support.

"You are grown, my boy," said he, looking fondly at me; "you are getting quite a man now, Vere; it will be sadly dull for you at the Grange; but you must stay with your old father for a time—it will not be for long—not for long," he repeated, and his eye turned to the screened canvas, and a glance shot from it that I could hardly bear to see—so despairing, yet so longing,—so wild, and yet so fond. I had never seen him look thus before, and it frightened me.

Our quiet meal in the old oak parlor—our saunter after dinner through the dark walks and shrubberies—all was so like the olden time, that I felt quite a boy again. My father lighted up for a time into his former good spirits and amusing sallies, but I remarked that after every flash he sank into deeper dejection, and I fancied the tears were in his eyes as he wished me good-night at the door of the painting-room. I little thought when I went to bed that it was now his habit to sit brooding there till the early dawn of morning, when he would retire for three or four hours to his rest.

So the time passed away tranquilly and dully enough at Alton Grange. My father was ever absorbed in his painting, but studied now with the door locked, and even I was only admitted at stated times, when the mysterious canvas was invariably screened. My curiosity, nay more, my interest, was intensely excited; I longed, yet feared, to know what was the subject of this hidden picture; twenty times was I on the point of asking my father, but something in his manner gave me to understand that it was a prohibited subject, and I forbore. There was that in his bearing which at once checked curiosity on a subject he was unwilling to reveal, and few men would have dared to question my father where he did not himself choose to bestow his confidence.

I read much in the old library; I took long walks once more by myself; I got back to my dreams of Launcelot and Guenever,

and knights and dames, and "deeds of high emprise." More than ever I experienced the vague longing for something hitherto unknown, that had unconsciously been growing with my growth, and strengthening with my strength,—the restless craving of which I scarcely guessed the nature, but which weighed upon my nervous, sensitive temperament till it affected my very brain. Had I but known then the lesson that was to be branded on my heart in letters of fire,—could I but have foreseen the day when I should gnaw my fetters, and yet not wish to be free—when I should know the degradation, but not the apathy, of a slave,—when all that was good, and noble, and kindly in my nature, should turn to bitter self-contempt and hopeless, helpless apathy,—when love, fiercer than hatred, should scorch and sting the coward that had not strength or courage to bear his burden upright like a man,—had I but known all this, I had better have tied a millstone round my neck, and slept twenty feet deep below the mere at Beverley, than pawned away hope, and life, and energy, and manhood, for a glance of the dark eyes, a touch of the soft hand, of the heiress of Beverley Manor.

Yes, Alton Grange was distant but a short walk from Beverley. Many a time I found myself roaming through the old trees at the end of the park, looking wistfully at the angles and turrets of the beautiful Manor House, and debating within myself whether I ought or ought not to call and renew an acquaintance with the family that had treated me so kindly after the scrape brought on by Bold's insubordination. That favorite was now a mature and experienced retriever, grave, imperturbable, and of extraordinary sagacity. Poor Bold! he was the handsomest and most powerful dog I ever saw, with a solemn expression of countenance that betrayed as much intellect as was ever apparent on the face of a human being. We were vastly proud of Bold's beauty at the Grange, and my father had painted him a dozen times, in the performance of every feat possible or impossible, that comes within the province of a retriever to attempt. Bold was now my constant companion; he knew the way to Beverley as well as his own lair in my bed-room, where he slept. Day after day he and I took the same road; day after day my courage failed me at the last mo-

ment, and we turned back without making the intended visit. At last, one morning, while I strolled as usual among the old trees at one extremity of the park, I caught sight of a white dress rounding the corner of the house, and entering the front-door. I felt sure it could only belong to one, and with an effort that quite surprised even myself, I resolved to master my absurd timidity, and walk boldly up to call.

I have not the slightest recollection of my ringing the door-bell, nor of the usual process by which a gentleman is admitted into a drawing-room; the rush of blood to my head almost blinded me, but I conclude that instinct took the place of reason, and that I demeaned myself in no such incoherent manner as to excite the attention of the servants, for I found myself in the beautiful drawing-room, which I remembered I had thought such a scene of fairyland years before, and seated, hat in hand, opposite Miss Beverley.

She must have thought me the stupidest morning visitor that ever obtained entrance into a country-house; indeed, had it not been for the good-natured efforts of an elderly lady with a hooked nose, who had been her governess, and was now a sort of companion, Miss Beverley would have had all the conversation to herself; and I am constrained to admit that once or twice I caught an expression of surprise on her calm sweet face, that could only have been called up by the very inconsequent answers of which I was guilty in my nervous abstraction. I was so taken up in watching and admiring her, that I could think of nothing else. She was so quiet and self-possessed, so gentle and lady-like, so cool and well-dressed. I can remember the way in which her hair was parted and arranged to this day. She seemed to me a being of superior order, something that never could by any possibility belong to the same sphere as myself. She was more like the picture of Queen Dido than ever, but the queen, happy and fancy-free, with kindly eyes and unruffled brow; not the deceived, broken-hearted woman, on her self-selected death-bed. I am not going to describe her—perhaps she was not beautiful to others—perhaps I should have wished the rest of the world to think her positively hideous—perhaps she was *then* not so transcendently beautiful even to me; nay, as I looked, I could pick faults in her features and coloring.

I had served a long enough apprenticeship to my father to be able to criticise like an artist, and I could see here a tint that might be deepened, there a plait that might be better arranged—I do not mean to say that she was perfect—I do not mean to say that she was a goddess or an angel; but I do mean to say that if ever there was a face on earth which to me presented the ideal of all that is sweetest and most loveable in woman, that face was Constance Beverley's.

And yet I was not in love with her; no, I felt something exalting, something exhilarating in her presence—she seemed to fill the void in my life, which had long been so wearisome, but I was not in love with her—certainly not then. I felt less shy than usual, I even felt as if I too had some claim to social distinction, and could play my part as well as the rest on the shifting stage. She had the happy knack of making others feel in good spirits and at their ease in her society. I was not insensible to the spell, and when Sir Harry came in, and asked kindly after his old friend, and promised to come over soon and pay my father a visit, I answered frankly and at once; I could see even the thoughtless Baronet was struck with the change in my manner, indeed he said as much.

"You must come over and stay with us, Mr. Egerton," was his hospitable invitation, "or if your father is so poorly you cannot leave him, look in here any day about luncheon-time. I am much from home myself, but you will always find Constance and Miss Minim. Tell your father I will ride over and see him to-morrow. I only came back yesterday. How you've grown my lad, and improved— isn't he, Constance?"

CHAPTER XIII.—"LETHALIS ARUNDO."

THAT week I went over again to Beverley; the next, I had a book to fetch for Constance from Fleetsbury, that she had long wished to read, and I took it to her a volume at a time. My father was still busy with his painting—Sir Harry had gone off to Newmarket—Miss Minim seemed delighted to find any one who could relieve the monotony of the Manor House, and Constance herself treated me, now that the first awkwardness of our re-introduction was over, like an old playmate and friend. I was happier than I had ever been in my life. I felt an elasticity of spirits, a self-respect and self-reliance that I

I would have given worlds to have heard Constance's answer, but she turned the subject with an inquiry after Bold (who was at that instant waiting patiently for his master on the door-step), and it was time to take leave, so I bowed myself out, with a faithful promise, that I was not likely to forget, of calling again soon.

"So she has not forgotten Bold," I said to myself at least twenty times, in my homeward walk; and I think, fond as I had always been of my dog, I liked him that day better than ever.

"Father," I said, as I sat that evening after dinner, during which meal I felt conscious that I had been more lively, and, to use an expressive term, "better company," than usual; "I must write to London for a new coat, that black one is quite worn out."

"Very well, Vere," answered my father, abstractedly; "tell them to make it large enough—you grow fast, my boy."

"Do you think I am grown, father? Indeed, I am not so very little of my age now; and do you know, I was the strongest boy at Everdon, and could lift a heavier weight than Manners, the usher; but father—" and here I hesitated and stammered, till reassured by the kind smile on his dear old face,—"I don't mind asking you, and I *do* so wish to know, am I so *very, very*—ugly?" I brought out the hated word with an effort—my father burst out laughing.

"What an odd question—why do you wish to know, Vere?" he asked. I made no reply, but felt I was blushing painfully. My father looked wistfully at me, while an expression as of pain contracted his wan features; and here the conversation dropped.

had thought myself hitherto incapable of entertaining. O the joy of that blindfold time, whilst our eyes are wilfully shut to the future that we yet know *must* come, whilst we bask in the sunshine and inhale the fragrance of the rose, nor heed the thunder-clouds sleeping on the horizon, and the worm creeping at the core of the flower. I looked on Constance as I would have looked on an angel from heaven. I did not even confess to myself that I loved her, I was satisfied with the intense happiness of the present, and trembled at the bare idea of any thing that might break the spell and interrupt the

calm quiet of our lives. With one excuse or another, I was at Beverley nearly every day: there were flowers to be dried, for Constance was a great botanist, and I had taken up that study, as I would have taken up shoemaking, could I have seen her a minute a-day longer for the pursuit,—there was music to be copied, and if I could do nothing else, I could point off those crabbed hieroglyphics like a very engraver. Then Miss Minim broke her fan, and I walked ten miles in the rain to get it mended, with an alacrity and devotion that must have convinced her it was not for *her* sake; and yet I loved Miss Minim dearly, she was so associated in my mind with Constance, that except the young lady's own, that wizened old face brought the blood to my brow more rapidly than any other in the world. O! my heart aches when I think of that beautiful drawing-room, opening into the conservatory, and Constance playing airs on the piano-forte that made my nerves tingle with an ecstasy that was almost painful. Miss Minim engaged with her crochet-work in the background, and I, the awkward, ungainly youth, saying nothing, hardly breathing, lest I should break the spell; but gazing intently on the fair young face, with its soft kind eyes, and its thrilling smile, and the smooth, shining braids of jet black hair parted simply on that pure brow. Mine was no love at first sight, no momentary infatuation that has its course and burns itself out, the fiercer the sooner, with its own unsustained violence. No; it grew and stole upon me by degrees, I drank it in with every breath I breathed—I fought against it till every moment of my life was a struggle; and yet I cherished and pressed it to my heart when all was done. I knew I was no equal for such as Miss Beverley—I knew I had no right even to lift my eyes to so much beauty and so much goodness—I, the awkward, ugly schoolboy, or at best the shrinking, unattractive youth, in whose homage there was nothing for a woman to take pride, even if she did not think it ridiculous; but yet—how I loved her! Not a blossom in the garden, not a leaf on the tree, not a ray of sunshine, nor a white cloud drifting over the heaven, but was associated in my mind with her who was all the world to me. If I saw other women, I only compared them with *her*; if I read of beauty and grace in

my dear old romances, or hung over the exquisite casts and spirited studies of my father's painting-room, it was but to refer the poet's dream and the artist's conception back to my own ideal. How I longed for beauty, power, talent, riches, fame, every thing that could exalt me above my fellows, that I might fling all down at *her* feet, and bid her trample on it if she would. It was bitter to think I had nothing to offer: and yet I felt sometimes there ought to be something touching in my self-sacrifice. I looked for no return—I asked for no hope, no favor, not even pity; and I gave my all.

At first it was delightful: the halcyon days flitted on, and I was happy. Sir Harry, when at home, treated me with the greatest kindness, and seemed to find pleasure in initiating me into those sports and amusements which he himself considered indispensable to the proper education of a gentleman. He took me out shooting with him, and great as was my natural aversion to slaying unoffending partridges and innocent hares, I soon conquered my foolish nervousness about firing a gun, and became no mean proficient with the double-barrel. My ancient captor, the head keeper, now averred that "Master Egerton was the *coolest* shot he ever see for so young a gentleman, and *cool* shots is generally deadly!" The very fact of my not caring a straw whether I killed my game or not, removed at once that over-anxiety which is the great obstacle to success with all young sportsmen. It was sufficient for me to know that a day's shooting at her fathers secured two interviews (morning and afternoon) with Constance, and I loaded, and banged, and walked, and toiled like the veriest disciple of Colonel Hawker that ever marked a covey. All this exercise had a beneficial effect on my health and spirits: I grew apace, I was no longer the square, clumsy-built dwarf; my frame was gradually developing itself into that of a powerful athletic man. I was much taller than Constance now, and not a little proud of that advantage. Having no others with whom to compare myself, I began to hope that I was, after all, not much worse looking than the rest of my kind; and by degrees a vague idea sprang up in my mind, though I never presumed to give it shape and consistency, that Constance might some day learn to look kindly upon me, and that

perhaps after many, many years the time would come when I should dare to throw myself at her feet and tell her how I had worshipped her, not to ask for a return, but only to tell her how true, and hopeless, and devoted had been my love. After that I thought I could die happy.

Weeks grew to months, and months to years, and still no change took place in my habits and mode of life. My father talked of sending me to Oxford, for I was now grown up, but when the time came he was loth to part with me, and I had such a dread of any thing that should take me away from Alton, that I hailed his abandonment of the scheme with intense joy. Constance went to London with Sir Harry during the season, and for two or three months of the glorious summer I was sadly low, and restless, and unhappy; but I studied hard during this period of probation, to pass the time, and when she came again, and gave me her hand with her old kind smile, I felt rewarded for all my anxieties, and the sun began to shine for me once more.

I was a man now in heart and feelings, and loved with all a man's ardor and singleness of purpose, yet I never dreamed she could be mine. No; I shut my eyes to the future, and blind fold I struggled on, but I was no longer happy; I grew restless and excited, out of temper, petulant in trifles, and incapable of any fixed application or sustained labor. I was leading an aimless and unprofitable life; I was an idolater, and I was beginning to pay the penalty; little did I know then what would be my sufferings ere the uttermost farthing should be exacted. Something told me the time of my happiness was drawing to a close; there is a consciousness before we wake from a moral as well as a physical sleep, and my awakening was near at hand.

It was a soft gray morning early in August, one of those beautiful summer days that we have only in England, when the sky is clouded, but the air pure and serene, and the face of nature smiling as though in a calm sleep. Not a breath stirred the leaves of the grand old trees in the park at Beverley, nor rippled the milk-white surface of the mere. The corn was ready for cutting, but scarce a sheaf had yet fallen before the sickle; it was the very meridian and prime

of the summer's beauty, and my lady-love had returned from her third London season, and was still Constance Beverley. It was later than my usual hour of visiting at the Manor, for my father had been unwell during the night, and I would not leave him till the doctor had been, so Constance had put on her hat and started for her morning's walk alone. She took the path that led towards Alton, and Bold and I caught sight at the same moment of the well-known white dress flitting under the old oaks in the park. My heart used to stop beating when I saw her, and now I turned sick and faint from sheer happiness. Not so Bold: directly he caught sight of the familiar form away he scoured like an arrow, and in less than a minute he was bounding about her, barking and frisking, and testifying his delight with an ardor that was responded to in a modified degree by the young lady. What prompted me I know not, but instead of walking straight on and greeting her, I turned aside behind a tree, and myself unseen, watched the form of her I loved so fondly, as she stepped gracefully on towards my hiding-place; she seemed surprised, stopped, and looked about her, Bold meanwhile thrusting his nose into her small gloved hand.

"Why, Bold," said she, "have you lost your master?"

And as she spoke she stooped down and kissed the dog on his broad honest forehead. My heart bounded as if it would burst; never shall I forget the sensations of that moment; not for worlds would I have accosted her then—it would have been sacrilege, it would have seemed like taking advantage of her frankness and honesty. No; I made a wide detour, still concealed behind the trees, and struck in upon the path in front of her as if I came direct from home. Why was it that her greeting was less cordial than usual? Why was it no longer "Vere" and "Constance" between us, but, "Mr. Egerton" and "Miss Beverley?" She seemed ill at ease, too, and her tone was harder than usual till I mentioned my father's illness, when she softened directly. I thought there were *tears in her voice* as she asked me:

"How could I leave him if he was so poorly?"

"Because I knew you came back yesterday, Miss Beverley, and I would not miss

being one of the first to welcome you home," was my reply.

"Why do you call me Miss Beverley?" she broke in, with a quick glance from under her straw hat. "Why not 'Constance' as you used?"

"Then why not call me 'Vere'?" I retorted; but my voice shook, and I made a miserable attempt to appear unconcerned.

"Very well, 'Constance' and 'Vere' let it be," she replied, laughing; "and now, Vere, how did you know I came back yesterday?"

"Because I saw the carriage from the top of Buttercup Hill—because I watched there for six hours that I might make sure—because——"

I hesitated and stopped; she turned her head away to caress Bold. Fool! fool that I was! why did I not tell her all then and there? Why did I not set my fate at once upon the cast; another moment, and it was too late. When she turned her face again towards me it was deadly pale, and she began talking rapidly, but in a constrained voice, of the delights of her London season, and the gaieties of that to me unknown world, the world of fashionable life.

"We have had so many balls and operas and dissipations, that papa says he is quite knocked up; and who do you think is in London, Vere, and who do you think has been dancing with me night after night?" (I winced), "who but your old schoolfellow, your dear old friend, Count de Rohan!"

"Victor!" I exclaimed, and for an instant I forgot even my jealousy at the idea of any one dancing night after night with Constance, in my joy at hearing of my dear old schoolfellow. "O, tell me all about him—is he grown? is he good-looking? is he like what he was? is he going to stay in England? did he ask after me? is he coming down to see me at Alton?"

"Gently," replied Constance, with her own sweet smile. "One question at a time, if you please, Vere, and I can answer them. He is grown, of course, but not more than other people; he is *very* good-looking, so everybody says, and I really think he must be, too; he is not nearly so much altered from what he was as a boy, as some one else I know" (with a sly glance at me), "and he talks positively of paying us a visit early in the shooting season, to meet another old

friend of yours, Mr. Ropsley, who is to be here to-day to luncheon; I hope you will stay and renew your acquaintance, and talk as much 'Everdon' as you did when we were children; and now, Vere, we must go in and see papa, who has probably by this time finished his letters." So we turned round and bent our steps (mine were most unwilling ones) towards the house.

We had not proceeded far up the avenue, ere we were overtaken by a post-chaise laden with luggage, and carrying a most irreproachable-looking valet on the box; as it neared us a well-known voice called to the boy to stop, and a tall, aristocratic-looking man got out, whom at first I had some difficulty in identifying as my former schoolfellow, Ropsley, now a captain in the Guards, and as well-known about London as the Duke of York's Column itself. He sprang out of the carriage, and greeted Constance with the air of an old friend, but paused and surveyed me for an instant from head to feet with a puzzled expression that I believe was only put on for the occasion,—then seized my hand, and declared I was so much altered and improved he had not known me at first. This is always gratifying to a youth, and Ropsley was evidently the same as he had always been—a man who never threw a chance away—but what good could I do him? Why should it be worth his while to conciliate such as me? I believe he never forgot the fable of the Lion and the Mouse.

When the first salutations and inquiries after Sir Harry were over, he began to converse with Constance on all those topics of the London world with which women like so much to be made acquainted,—topics so limited and personal that they throw the uninitiated listener completely into the background. I held my tongue and watched my old schoolfellow. He was but little altered since I had seen him last, save that his tall figure had grown even taller, and he had acquired that worn look about the eyes and mouth which a few seasons of dissipation and excitement invariably produce even in the young. After detailing a batch of marriages, and a batch of "failures," in all of which the names of the sufferers were equally unknown to me, he observed, with a peculiarly marked expression, to Constance, "Of course you know there never was anything in that report about De Rohan and Miss Blight; but so many

people assured me it was true, that if I had not known Victor as well as I do, I should have been almost inclined to believe it."

I watched Constance narrowly as he spoke, and I fancied she winced. Could it have been only my own absurd fancy? Ropsley proceeded, "I saw him yesterday, and he desired his kindest regards to you, and I was to say he would be here on the 3rd."

"O! I am so glad," exclaimed Constance, her whole countenance brightening with a joyous smile, that went like a knife to my foolish, inexperienced heart, that ought to have reassured and made me happier than ever. Does a woman confess she is "delighted" to see the man she is really fond of? Is not that softened expression which pervades the human face at mention of the "one loved name," more akin to a tear than a smile? "He is so pleasant and so good-natured, and will enliven us all so much here;" she added, turning to me, "Vere, you must come over on the 3rd, and meet Count de Rohan; you know he is the oldest friend you have,—an older friend even than I am."

I was hurt, angry, maddened already, and this kind speech, with the frank, affectionate glance that accompanied it, filled my bitter cup to overflowing. Has a woman no compunction? or is she ignorant of the power a few light commonplace words may have to inflict such acute pain? Constance *cannot* have guessed the feelings that were tearing at my heart; but she must have seen my altered manner, and doubtless felt herself aggrieved, and thought she had a right to be angry at my unjustifiable display of temper.

"I thank you," I replied, coldly and distantly; "I cannot leave my father until he is better; perhaps De Rohan will come over and see us if he can get away from pleasanter engagements. I fear I have stayed too long already. I am anxious about my father, and must go home. Good-bye, Ropsley; good morning, Miss Beverley. Here—**Bold!** **Bold!**"

She looked scared for an instant, then hurt, and almost angry. She shook hands with me coldly, and turned away with more dignity than usual. Brute, idiot that I was! even Bold showed more good feeling and more sagacity than his master. He had been

sniffing round Ropsley with many a low growl, and every expression of dislike which a well-nurtured dog permits himself towards his master's associates; but he looked wistfully back at Constance as she walked away, and I really thought for once he would have broken through all his habits of fidelity and subordination, and followed her into the house.

What a pleasant walk home I had I leave those to judge who, like me, have dashed down in a fit of ill-temper the structure that they have taken years of pain and labor and self-denial to rear on high. Was this, then, my boasted chivalry—my truth and faith that was to last forever—to fight through all obstacles—to be so pure and holy, and unwavering, and to look for no return? I had failed at the first trial. How little I felt, how mean and unworthy, how far below my own standard of what a man should be—my ideal of worth, that I had resolved I would attain! And Ropsley, too—the cold, calculating, cynical man of the world,—Ropsley must have seen it all. I had placed myself in his power—nay more, I had compromised *her* by my own display of bitterness and ill-temper. What right had I to show any one how I loved her? nay, what right had I to love her at all? The thought goaded me like a sting. I ran along the footpath, Bold careering at my side—I sprang over the stiles like a madman, as I was; but physical exertion produced at last a reaction on the mind. I grew gradually calmer and more capable of reasoning; a resolution sprang up in my heart that had never before taken root in that undisciplined soil. I determined to win her, or die in the attempt.

"Yes," I thought, "from this very day I will devote all my thoughts, all my energies, to the one great work. Beautiful, superior, unattainable as she is, surely the whole devotion of a life must count for something—surely God will not permit a human being to sacrifice his very soul in vain. (Folly! folly! Ought I not to have known that this very worship was idolatry, blasphemy of the boldest to offer the creature a tribute that belongs only to the Creator—to dare to call on His name in witness of my mad rebellion and disloyalty!) Surely I shall some day succeed, or fall a victim to that which I feel convinced must be the

whole aim and end of my existence. Yes, I will consult my kind old father—I will declare myself at once honestly to Sir Harry. After all, I too am a gentleman; I have talents; I will make my way; with such a goal in view I can do any thing; there is no labor I would shrink from, no danger I should fear to face, with Constance as the prize of

my success;” and I reached the old worn-out gates of Alton Grange repeating to myself several of those well-known adages that have so many premature and ill-advised attempts to answer for—“Fortune favors the bold;” “Faint heart never won fair lady;” “Nothing venture, nothing have,” &c.

LONGEVITY, AND THE TRANSMISSION OF KNOWLEDGE THROUGH FEW LINKS.—May not the subject of longevity, which has been pleasantly treated by many of your correspondents, be illustrated by the instance of Lettice, Countess of Leicester? She was born in 1539, or at latest in 1540, and was consequently seven years old at the death of Henry VIII. She may very well have had a recollection of the bluff monarch who cut off the head of her great-aunt, Anne Boleyn. During the reign of Edward VI. the young Lettice was still a girl, but Sir Francis Knollys, her father, was about the Court, and Lettice, no doubt, saw and was acquainted with the youthful sovereign. The succession of Mary threw the family of Lettice into the shade. As a relative of the Boleyns, and the child of a Puritan, she could expect no favor from the daughter of Catherine of Arragon, but Mary and Philip were doubtless personally known to her. At Elizabeth's accession Lettice was in her eighteenth year, and in all the beauty of opening womanhood. About 1566, at the age of twenty-six, she was married to the young Walter Devereux, Viscount Hereford, created Earl of Essex in 1572. He died in 1576, and in 1578 his beautiful Countess was secretly married to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The great favorite died in 1588, and within the year of her weeds Lettice was again married to an unthrifty knight of doubtful character, Sir Christopher Blount. In 1601, Lettice became a widow for the third time: her husband was a party to the treasonable madness of her son, and both suffered on the scaffold. Such accumulated troubles would have sufficed to kill an ordinary woman, but Lettice retired to Drayton Basset, and lived on in spite of her sorrows. In James' time her connections were in favor. She came up to London to share the smiles of the new dynasty, and to contest for her position as Countess of Leicester against the “base-born” son of her predecessor in the Earl's affections. At James' death she had attained the age of eighty-five, with faculties unimpaired. We may imagine that she was introduced to the new sovereign. The grandmother of the Earls of Holland and Warwick, and the relation of half the Court, would naturally attract the attention and share the courtesies of the lively Henrietta and the grave, stately, formal Charles. He was the sixth English sovereign (or the seventh if Philip be counted)

whom she had seen. The last few years of her life were passed at Drayton:

“Where she spent her days so well,
That to her the better sort
Came as to an holy court,
And the poor that lived near
Dearth nor famine could not fear
Whilst she lived.”

Until within a year or two of her death, we are told that she “could yet walk a mile of a morning.” She died on Christmas day in 1634, at the age of ninety-four.

Lettice was one of a long-lived race. Her father lived till 1596, and one of her brothers attained the age of eighty-six, and another that of ninety-nine.

There is nothing incredible, or even very extraordinary, in the age attained by the Countess Lettice, as in some others of the cases quoted by your correspondents, but even her years will produce curious results if applied to the subject of possible transmission of knowledge through few links. I will give one example: Dr. Johnson, who was born in 1709, might have known a person who had seen the Countess Lettice. If there are not now, there were amongst us within the last three or four years, persons who knew Dr. Johnson. There might therefore, be only two links between ourselves and the Countess Lettice, who saw Henry VIII. —*Notes and Queries.*

TWELFTH DAY AT ST. JAMES'.—In the *Lady's Magazine* for 1760 is the following:

“Sunday 6. Jan. being twelfth day, and a collar and offering day at St. James', his Majesty, preceded by the heralds, pursuivants, &c., and the Knights of the Garter, Thistle, and Bath, in the collars of their respective orders, went to the Royal chapel at St. James', and offered gold, myrrh, and frankincense, in imitation of the eastern Magi offering to our Saviour.”

1. When was this custom given up?
2. Was incense burnt in the chapel at that time?

[The custom is not yet given up. The gold, myrrh, and frankincense are still offered. They are presented in small silk bags.]—*Notes and Queries.*

TO SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

HAVING always been opposed to the agitation of the question of Slavery, out of its own region,—believing it too momentous in all its aspects to be dealt with by strangers,—we do not intend to alter our policy now. But as the present rulers of the South, reversing the wise policy which so long prevailed there, now insist upon making the question a national one, we do not see how it can be prevented. As the only apparent means of putting an end to the controversy, and at the same time of restoring unity of feeling, we beg leave, once for all, to submit to brethren of the land of Washington, Pinckney, Lowndes and Leigh,—a scheme which goes to the root of the matter, and which is conceived in an humble, charitable, national spirit.

The first public matter in which the Editor of the Living Age was engaged, was to resist, from the very beginning, the policy of "Protection," afterwards called by Henry Clay the "American System." In this he followed the principles of the masters of political science, so well expounded by Daniel Webster, and acted with the eminent men of the South. He mentions this, that he may appeal affectionately, for old acquaintance sake, to the "union-men" with whom he labored, and even to the "Nullifiers," whom disappointment afterwards made disloyal, for a careful and candid consideration of the proposition which has been brought before the people of the North by Mr. Elihu Burritt,—a name associated in all memories with Peace,—and who has returned from scattering "Olive Leaves" in foreign parts, to lift the Olive Branch in this great domestic quarrel. During the last six months he has "presented this plan in nearly all the considerable towns in the Free States, having travelled at least ten thousand miles for that object. Every where it has been received with extraordinary favor by men of all parties." It will be recollected, by some of our readers, that Mr. Webster proclaimed his readiness to emancipate the slaves at the national expense, whenever their owners should desire it.

Mr. Burritt obtained of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, the use of their hall for a lecture upon this subject. We listened to him with attention, and were surprised to hear a really practical plan for

turning the great evil into great good. It is delightful to find a "platform," on which this, hitherto bitter question, can be discussed with all the earnestness of mighty truth,—and yet with brotherly love. Love is the great solvent. There is nothing so bad which love to God and man cannot convert into good.

The spirit in which Mr. Burritt treats the matter, is truly Christian. His humility in the acknowledgment of Northern complicity, must open the conscience of many in this part of the world, to this truth. What he proposes should be done is really great and magnanimous—but is no more than is justly due from the North.

Not a single voice have we heard in opposition to this proposal. Some say "What can be done with the Negroes? You must take them away?" Not so. They are needed just where they are. The day when Virginia shall decree emancipation will send a flood of *men with capital* into her counties, which will employ all her laborers, and call for more. At the North we pay the roughest laboring men a dollar and a quarter a day, and, notwithstanding the great influx from Europe, there are not enough.

Consider some of the advantages which would result to the Southern States:

1. An increase in political power—for they will then be entitled under the Constitution to count *all* their colored population in the apportionment of their votes in the House of Representatives, instead of *three-fifths* of them, as at present.

2. They will be *paid for their laborers*, and yet will *retain them* without any loss whatever. For the additional cost of their hire will be fully made up by their more diligent labor.

3. A flood of prosperity shown in the rise of land, and in the conversion to profitable use of the natural advantages, almost unequalled, of many of the States of that region, will draw countless millions of capital from the North and from Europe—which will increase from year to year this prosperity.

4. They will share with the whole nation the honor, influence and strength which the regenerated nation will command throughout the world.

Let the Statesmen of the South, to whom this leadership belongs, raise this truly Na-

tional Question, and see how the great heart of the North will sustain it!

We proceed to copy, by permission, part of a late pamphlet.*

Possessing all these present and prospective elements of power, it is natural and inevitable, that the American citizen, at home and abroad, should feel that the time has come when his country can do a great thing before the nations, should it put forth all the strength of its Samson sinews. The Governments and people of Europe perceive and admit this capacity of the American Union, and frequently call it the mighty Republic of the Western World. In a word, there seems to be an expectation prevalent throughout Christendom that our nation will soon do some great thing; that it will show all the giant strength of its young manhood in some vast undertaking. It has stood quietly by and seen the foremost Powers of Europe put forth their strength in a tremendous war, in which at least 700,000 human beings were sacrificed, and \$1,500,000,000 lavished upon the work of human destruction. England has expended \$500,000,000 in the vague and fruitless struggle; France as much more; and Russia an almost equal sum. It is now the turn of this great continental family of States to do something large—something to enhance its estimation in the eyes of the world; to increase its political power at home and abroad, and to strengthen and perpetuate its bonds of union. What shall it do to secure these objects? Shall it go to war with a coalition of European Powers? A victorious conflict with a world in arms would not be so glorious in the estimation of the other nations of Christendom, as the extirpation of that great domestic foe, which is arraying one section of the Republic in the bitterest antagonism to the other, and filling it with the malignant breathings of malice and mutiny. The system of Slavery is an enemy which imperils the life of our beloved Union far more than a world of foreign foes could do. It turns its harmonies into grating discords. It engulfs its fraternities in a sea of fierce and endless agitation. It is pitting the two great divisions of the country against each other in a struggle embittered with every element of strife. The halls of that Federal Congress, which should represent the unity of the Nation, echo for session after session with fiery and inflaming speeches, harsh invective, cutting retorts and taunts that sting and poison the wound they

make. In ecclesiastical assemblies, at the meetings of benevolent or educational societies, even in social circles at private houses, the great disturber is present to stir up dissension. Wherever "the sons of God come together," or the sons of men, this Satan of discord is sure to come with them. Hardly a minister of the Gospel, or even a school-master can be settled over a congregation or school, North or South, without starting up this evil genius. Not a square mile of land can be brought into the Union without a struggle between slavery and freedom. Threatenings of disunion and civil war, and other disasters attending the breaking up of this great confederation, are becoming more and more frequent and familiar. There is no ingenuity nor power in human legislation that can silence or stay the tempest of these angry dissensions until their source shall be extinguished. They will wax louder and fiercer, from year to year, in spite of all compromises and concessions. God himself cannot make peace with slavery, nor can He give peace to this nation, while it exists within its borders. It will go on, "casting up mire and dirt," and foaming with furious contortions under the awakening conscience of the surrounding world. All the efforts to confine it to the space which it now blights with its curse, will only make its rage more desperate. More than eighty years of the nation's life have passed away, and we have no union yet. Apparently we are further from it than ever. The recent events in Congress and Kansas denote, beyond all foregoing transactions, how wide and deep the abyss has grown that divides the North and South. There are no two independent Powers in Europe seemingly in such danger of deadly collision as these two sections of our Republic. Their criminalities and recriminations, are growing more and more malignant and bitter; and bloodshed and civil war are threatened, and expected in some quarters, with but a slight show of affliction at the catastrophe. It would be a mockery of every honest conception of political harmony, to call this condition of things a *Union*. We never had a greater variety of political organizations than at this moment. But not one of them pretends to present a plan or platform that shall bridge this broad abyss between the North and South, and unite them in the oneness of fraternal fellowship. Not one of them proposes to put its hand upon the only source of the nation's disease and eradicate it root and branch. "Non-extension" will never work out the non-existence of slavery. It has already grasped nearly every acre of this continent on which it can live; and has territory enough without Kansas for fifteen

* *A Plan of Brotherly Copartnership of the North and South, for the peaceful extinction of Slavery.* By Elihu Burritt. Price Ten Cents. Dayton and Burdick, New York.

millions of slaves, if it were peopled with as many of them per square mile as South Carolina.

Such is the insidious enemy that is sapping the foundations of our beloved Union, and threatening it with dissolution and utter destruction. All that is precious in its existence may depart, like a human soul, leaving its physical form apparently intact. It is not the legislative inter-linking of thirty-one States by the bonds of the national Constitution or Congress that breathes life into the Union, and keeps it throbbing within its bosom with healthful pulsations; any more than it is the physical mechanism of the human body that creates and perpetuates in it the living spirit which animates the whole. It is not the federal mechanism by which these States are connected that can perpetuate that social existence so dear to every American patriot. A living spirit of brotherly love and sympathy, which laws can neither create nor preserve, must be kept burning and beating within the heart of the corporate nation. A *sensitization* of oneness must pervade its members in every contingency and crisis of its experience. Fraternal memories and affinities, kindly and spontaneous leanings of the heart toward each other must under-breathe, over-act and out-run all federal legislation and relationships in making them "diverse like the waves, but one like the sea." This spirit is the living soul of the Union. In his own and other lands, the true American thus regards it. He dwells most fondly and frequently upon those choicest passages of his country's history which have been most brightly illuminated by the manifestations of this spirit. The long trial and struggle of the Revolution; the heroic partnerships in suffering and privation which endeared the "Old Thirteen" to each other, and enriched them with common and immortal memories; these constitute to his mind the vital bonds that hold this great family of States together by ligaments stronger than all the letters of the Federal Constitution and laws. All the external enemies which the nation has confronted, from the first day of its recognized existence, have aimed their weapons merely at its physical constitution. They essayed only to destroy its political organism. Their efforts tended to strengthen its inner life; to attach its federal members to each other by new bonds of sympathy and brotherhood. But slavery strikes immediately at the vital principle, at the very soul of the Union. This it threatens to extinguish, leaving the frame-work of the great confederacy lying as lifeless on the site of its structure as thirty-one chain links of iron coiled on the frosty earth. It has already

made deplorable progress in this surreptitious and fatal work. The crisis has come—the time for united and irresistible action. How shall this monstrous domestic enemy be met and conquered! Just as the gigantic foe of the young Republic was met in 1776—by the most brotherly and energetic co-operation of all sections of the Union; in that sentiment of oneness to which the men of the Revolution left the red tokens of their devotion on the battle-fields of a seven years' war.

The utter extirpation of Slavery from American soil, should be achieved in a way and in a spirit that should attach all the members of the confederacy to each other by stronger bonds than had ever existed between them; which should bequeath to their numerous posterity of States a rich legacy of precious memories, deepening and perpetuating their sense of relationship, as co-heirs of the noblest chapters of American history. There is a magnanimous and glorious way by which this terrible evil in our midst may be removed, so as to produce these happy associations and results. That is, by a fraternal union and co-operation of all the States of our Republic in emancipating it fully and forever from this destructive system, at whatever cost it may be peacefully and honorably effected. In the first place, such a co-partnership is indispensable to the work, for its achievement will require the concentrated energies of the mightiest nation ever erected on the face of the globe. When we come to the final tug of an undertaking, the like of which no nation on earth ever accomplished, no State, town or village, from California to Canada, can be spared. Every praying heart and willing hand will be needed for the grand effort.

There is but one way by which the whole nation can take upon its shoulders the total extinction of slavery. That is, by compensating the slave holders, out of the public treasury or the public domain, for the act of manumission.

Let us face the cost of this vast pecuniary transaction at the outset. Would the undertaking devolve a burden upon the nation which would exceed its financial ability, and prove onerous to its population? Taking all the slaves in the Union, young and old, sick and disabled, \$250 per head must be admitted as an equitable average price. Three millions and a half, at this valuation, would amount to \$875,000,000; a much smaller sum than England and France expended in the recent war with Russia. Even suppose, what could hardly be possible, that all the Southern States would accept this pecuniary consideration, and emancipate their slaves simultaneously and at once, the

annual interest of the whole amount would be \$52,500,000 at 6 per cent. This interest would not be half the sum appropriated every year by Great Britain to her army and navy in time of peace. If the population and wealth of the nation continue to increase at the ratio of the last ten years, its ordinary revenue must reach \$100,000,000, in 1860, and advance by several millions annually after that date. Thus, if emancipation took effect in 1860, the natural income of the nation would yield about \$50,000,000, for the current expenses of the Government, besides the interest of the debt contracted for freeing the country from slavery. With due economy, the people would be burdened with no more taxation than at the present moment.

The Free States ought to be moved by a sense of high moral obligation, as well as considerations of enlightened expediency, not only to accept, but to offer this mode of exterminating that perilous evil which is slowly eating through the life-strings of the Union. It must be confessed that the North participated in the inhuman traffic that planted slavery in the Southern States with all the unscrupulous greed of gain that marks the chattelization of human beings. After the importation of slaves from Africa was suppressed, a vast majority of the people of the Free States, up to 1840, resisted all active opposition to Slavery with more persecuting zeal than the land-owners of England manifested against the movement for the abolition of the corn-laws. Pulpit, Press and Platform, from Maine to Missouri, seemed almost unanimous in the determination to silence all agitation of the subject. The few men and women who had the nerve of truth and righteousness to denounce the system as a sin and curse, were branded with obloquy, and regarded as outlaws or fanatics, equally dangerous to the peace of the Christian church and the safety of the nation. Hardly twenty years have elapsed, since they were mobbed under the windows of Fanueil Hall. Within the shadow of Bunker Hill, at its eve-tide length, they were hunted like felons, and worse than felons, by their own fellow citizens.

For the first half century of the nation's life, the prejudice against color in the North was so general, implacable and tyrannical, and the treatment of the African race so degrading and oppressive, that a candid mind would have been obliged to infer, that the victims of such dispositions and deportment were regarded as only fitted for slavery. Even at this moment, one or two of the Free States have "Black Laws" in force, which exclude from their borders a free colored man, as if he were worse than the leper once com-

pelled to wander outside the gates of Jerusalem; which virtually sells him as a brute, if he persists in his attempt to make himself a humble and honest home in the obscurest corner of their vast and thinly-peopled territory. In still a large number of Northern States, one of which boasts its Charter Oak, and two hundred years of Puritan nurture in the principles of civil liberty, the slightest tinge of African blood drives a very saint in virtue from the ballot box, and forbids him that right of suffrage which the most vicious foreigner may easily obtain.

For fifty years, the most able and astute defenders of Slavery have been Northern men residing in the South. They have filled many of its pulpits, and the editorial chairs of its public press. They have made their way to the helm of its commercial enterprise and literary institutions. They have become its leading merchants, speculators and factors. They have supplied nearly all its school teachers; thus commanding the current of popular education. Having a character to establish as "Northern men with Southern principles," they have far outrun the native slaveholders themselves in zeal for slavery. They have elaborated the most subtle and wicked arguments to sustain it. Many of them have exhibited an ingenuity in distorting the Holy Scriptures to this end, which Southern born theologians have never been able to equal. The most heartless sophistries to make the teachings of Jesus Christ and his apostles sanction "the peculiar institution" of the South, have been the inventions of men born in the highest latitudes of civil liberty in the North. Thousands of them have become slave-owners on their own account, and thousands more hiring and relentless drivers of slaves for others. By correspondence and social intercourse, they have kept up among their relatives and friends in the Free States, a countless standing army of apologists for the system, of almost equal zeal and bitterness.

Up to the present moment, the North has been a commercial and equal partner with the South in all the material values or pecuniary results produced by slavery. In the first place, the great southern staples, Cotton, Tobacco and Rice, with their vast valuation, constituting virtually the commercial currency between America and Europe, have mostly passed through the hands of Northern merchants and factors, enriching them with lucrative profits. Then slavery rendered the Southern States dependent upon the North for all the manufactured articles they used; from parlor books to kitchen brooms, from beaver hats for the master to the coarsest chip hats for the slave; from pen-knives to ploughs. Nearly all the goods they used

were either manufactured or imported for them by the North. Their teas, coffees and other foreign productions either came to them through New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, or were brought to them direct from across the sea in Northern ships. The factories and ships of the Eastern States and the fertile prairie lands of the West, teemed with the industrial activities which these important staples employed and rewarded. What three millions of slaves grew under the lash in the South, made a continuous and profitable business for at least twice that number of freemen in the North. The latter, by that species of compromise for which it has been distinguished, grasped at the lion's share of the dividends of this commercial partnership. It coveted to sell to the Southern States, far more than it purchased from them. If they would only consent to a high protective tariff, which would give their market for manufactures exclusively to the North, anti-slavery agitation in the Free States should be put down and extinguished. The mobbing of "abolition agitators" in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other Northern cities was a part of this business transaction—a small instalment of the purchase price of *Protection*. Each of these acts of violence was one of the pieces of silver paid for Southern trade. Take it all in all, probably two-thirds of "all the wealth that sinews bought and sold" have produced on this continent, have accrued to the States north of Mason's and Dixon's Line, as the pecuniary result of their silent partnership in the system of human bondage.

By popular sentiment, commercial partnership, religious communion, and legislative action, the Free States have lived in guilty complicity with the system of slavery from the foundation of the Republic. It is far too late for them to cleanse their garments of the stains of that guilt by the flames and fumigation of indignant emotion. Tears of repentance only can do the work, followed by acts proving it to be sincere and honest. It is in vain for them to plead that the seductions of the slave-power were too strong for their love of truth and righteousness; to charge upon the tempter their own lack of virtue. The mother of our race ventured to present this plea in extenuation of her guilt, and to saddle her sin upon the serpent. But the God of justice did not accept it; nor will He in the case of the Free States against the South. Before His holy eyes, before all the civilized communities of mankind around us, their long and aggravated participation in slavery has *nationalized* it; has drawn it to the bosom of the whole Union as with a cart rope. In

view of this wicked complicity, the system has been *unsectionalized*, and allowed to cast as dark a shadow on the highest hill top of Vermont as upon the lowest rice swamp of Carolina. Before God and man, the North deserves to be fined heavily for its dereliction of duty to freedom. It deserves it richly, as an act of penal justice to humanity. It should be made to pay its share of the cost of extinguishing slavery, whatever pecuniary expense it may involve.

Motives of enlightened patriotism, as well as of justice and necessity, should unite all sections of the Republic in the annihilation of its only enemy, which endangers its existence, destroys its unity, and paralyzes its influence upon the rest of the world. All the powers of Europe arrayed in arms against the American Union could not subject it to the peril in which it lives by fostering in its heart the everlasting antagonism and weakness of slavery. All other sources of sectional jealousy and controversy have disappeared, or have been swallowed up in this great seething gulf of discord.

No measure short of the total extinction of slavery can establish a Union on this Continent worth saving; and that is an achievement beyond the power of any section, or sectional party, though it should enrol in its ranks every voter north of Mason and Dixon's Line.

The extinction of slavery would make the nation a mighty and multitudinous unit—one in interest, one in sentiment and public policy. The power of its attraction would be increased ten fold; attaching State to State by new bonds of brotherhood, and drawing into its embrace, by the peaceful ties of sympathy, all the North American populations that now surround it. We should have no more "Missouri Compromises," Fugitive Slave Bills, or Nebraska Bills. Mason and Dixon's Line would be erased forever. The birth and introduction of a new State would be a common and equal gladness to all sections of the Union. We should have no more balance of power questions connected with the annexation of neighboring States, desirous of casting in their lot with us as a nation. On whatever side they should gravitate into the Union, they would be welcome to North and South, East and West.

We ought to exterminate slavery at once, at whatever pecuniary expense it might involve, as an act of enlightened policy towards the other nations of Christendom. In the midst of these revolutions and upturnings in the world, America cannot afford to hug slavery to her bosom another twenty-five

years. She cannot afford to let the clanking of its fetters drown the speech of those great principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence at a time like the present. No human mind could conceive what America might do for the world in the next quarter of a century; what hand of help she might extend to prostrate and despairing peoples; what burning beacons she might raise along their pathway to civil freedom, if she would but now arise in her united might, and put away from her the sin, shame and schism of slavery.

For even the material well being of the Union, it would be better to pay the annual interest of a thousand millions of dollars, rather than to permit slavery to have a lease to live another fifty years on this Continent. The nation would make money by its immediate extinction, even at that cost. The curse which degrades human labor, and palsies its sinews, would be lifted from fifteen of the largest States of the Republic. Their vast agricultural and mineral resources would be developed to a wealth beyond computation. The barrier which has so long shut out from their midst the enriching industry of free sinews, would be leveled to the ground; and they would soon be filled with energetic and intelligent populations from the Free States and from Europe. The increased value of their lands would augment the wealth of the whole nation. Buy off slavery at once; foreclose its lease, and the Public Revenue would doubtless reach \$100,000,000 per annum in ten years, and constantly increase beyond that period, without including the income from the public lands.

The only possible way by which the Free States can acquire the right to legislate for the extinction of slavery throughout the Union, is by compensating the slaveholders of the South for the act of manumission. If all the British Provinces in North America, and all Mexico, should become part and parcel of this Republic, and surround the South with a cordon of Free States six deep, the Constitution would not give them one iota of power to vote the extermination of slavery in Virginia or Georgia, unless that power were acquired through this pecuniary arrangement. Unless this were adopted, the millions of Free State voters surrounding the area of slavery, from Newfoundland to Hudson's Bay, and from Hudson's Bay to Oregon, and from Oregon to Yucatan, would be obliged to stand by with powerless ballots and watch the slow and silent working of their opinions alone upon Southern legislation. Not one of them could cast a vote directly upon the great question. But let the Free States say they are willing to bear

their part of the expense of removing slavery from the Union, and they might bring the proposition before Congress this very session.

National indemnification would be an act of liberal justice towards the Southern States, which would enable them to enter at once upon the great work of emancipation, from which they would doubtless shrink for a century, if they alone were obliged to bear all the burden of its cost. It would at once and forever silence that perpetual and powerful argument of their lips, that the Free States are plotting to rob them of their property; to annihilate the great interest in which they think their all is staked.

The pecuniary arrangement proposed would be an act of good policy, as well as of good will and necessity, on the part of the North towards the Southern States. It would hold them up from that bankruptcy or long and deep prostration which would result from their taking the whole weight of emancipation upon their own shoulders. Admitting, in the Southern sense, that the slaves represent *de facto* property, the value of 3,500,000, at \$250 per head, taking young and old, sick and disabled, would be \$875,000,000. The immediate and unconditional annihilation of this vast interest would bring as much pecuniary loss and as much poverty and distress upon the slaveholders of the South, as if that interest were sanctioned by the laws of God and humanity. Every slave has cost as much, or represents as much money, as if those laws did in very deed recognize and justify a property value in him. It would be a legal impossibility, or an act of legal injustice on the part of Southern legislatures, to repeal at once all their laws sanctioning this property, and to emancipate immediately and fully all the slaves in those States, without indemnifying their owners. What the fifteen States south of Mason and Dixon's Line cannot legally do, the thirty-one of the whole Union can not justly accomplish. It would also be, or be deemed, pecuniarily impossible for the Southern States to take upon themselves alone the burden of \$875,000,000, for the emancipation of their slaves.

National compensation would be an act which would put the Free States in a completely new attitude toward the South; an attitude not of scorn, indignation, or supercilious repugnance, but a brother's posture and aspect, reaching a hand of help to his own mother's twin-born son, to enable him to throw off a burden which he himself had, by indirection, aided in binding to his neck. Even pagan nations, in their sanguinary wars with neighboring countries, have professed to hold the sword in one hand and

the olive branch in the other." God himself makes conditions with the vilest sinner, and offers him peace and joy, like a river in this world, and His glorious heaven in the next, as the result of his sincere repentance. But in this long and fierce-waxing struggle with the South, we have not imitated Divine justice, nor that of unenlightened paganism. We have grasped a sword in each hand up to the present hour. We have never promised the Slave States any reward for their repentance: we have never offered to do any thing for them, not even to give them the full communion of our sympathy, if they would put away from them this great sin in our eyes.

National indemnification would not be a mere compromise, but an earnest and brotherly partnership between the North and South, in working out a glorious consummation, which would bless equally both sections of the Republic. The extinction of slavery, at every stage of this process, instead of dissevering, would unite the States by affinities and relationships that have never existed between them. A new spirit would be generated in the heart of the nation, and cover it like an atmosphere of fraternal amity. Such a spirit would be worth to the country twice the value of all the slaves in its borders. Without this spirit pervading the Union, the wrongs of the slaves can never be righted. Nothing but slavery itself, of the most atrocious stamp, could be worse for them than emancipation in the midst of a tempest of malignant passions, of fierce and fiery hate. Fearful and almost hopeless would be their condition, if the fetters of their physical bondage should be rent asunder in a thunder-burst of burning wrath. Of all parties to this great moral struggle, their well-being will be most dependent upon the prevalence of benevolent sentiments and fraternal sympathies throughout the nation at the time of their manumission.

The means at the command of the nation for the extinction of slavery by the mode proposed, are ample. There is one source of revenue alone, not needed for the current expenses of the Government, which would be sufficient to emancipate all the slaves in the Union. This is the Public Domain of the United States. This landed estate of the nation, according to official estimate, contains, exclusive of the lands acquired from Mexico by the treaty of 1853, 1,600,000,000 of acres. At the average of 75 cents per acre, they would yield \$1,200,000,000. Admitting \$250 per head for the whole slave population to be a fair average price, taking infant and aged, sick and in-

firm, the 3,500,000 in the United States would amount to \$875,000,000. Thus, the public lands would not only defray the expense of emancipating all these slaves, but would also yield a large surplus for their education and moral improvement.

Did any nation ever have such an extent of territory as a free gift from Providence? How could we more appropriately recognize this gift, than by consecrating it to freedom? than by making it the ransom-price from slavery of all the chattelized human beings in the Union? Wherein and how could they contribute more to the true dignity, harmony and well-being of the nation? If not thus appropriated in advance, they will be alienated from the Federal Government altogether. They will be frittered away in sectional bribes, or sources of Executive patronage, and thus become capital for political corruption—the pension money for partisan warfare. This is the very moment to arrest this squandering process, and to appropriate what remains of this public domain to some great object connected with the peace and prosperity of the whole nation. The act, or even the certainty of emancipation, would greatly enhance the value of the public lands in all the Slave States; thus producing the revenue necessary to accomplish the magnificent enterprise.

The only action which it would be necessary to ask Congress to take in this matter at the outset, would be—

To make a provision by law, that whenever any State of the Union, in which slavery now exists, shall decree the emancipation of all slaves, and the abolition of involuntary servitude, except for crime, within its borders, an exact enumeration shall be made, and for each and every slave thus emancipated, there shall be paid from the National Treasury to such State, for equitable distribution among the slaveholders, a certain sum of money, to be ascertained as Congress may direct; and that the net revenue from all the future sales of the public lands, shall be appropriated exclusively to the emancipation of all the slaves in the United States in this manner.

The prerogative of each individual State to retain or abolish slavery, remains untouched by the Congressional enactment proposed. Not the slightest form or aspect of Federal compulsion is assumed towards its sovereignty. The Central Government only makes a generous offer to each and every Southern State simultaneously. It leaves that State in the freest exercise of its sovereign will to accept or reject that offer. If it accepts, then the stipulated sum of money is

paid to its appointed agent by the Government. That money is distributed by the State receiving it in its own way.

Although this offer were made to all the Southern States individually, it is quite certain that they would not all accept it simultaneously. One State, after some hesitation, would lead the way, and be followed one after the other by the rest. Doubtless the one containing the smallest number of slaves would be the first to try the experiment of emancipation. This would be Delaware, which has only about 2000 at this moment. These, at \$250 per head, would only amount to \$500,000. The whole revenue from the Public lands in 1855 was \$11,497,000. The odd dollars of this sum above eleven millions, would have freed Delaware from Slavery. By the census of 1850, Arkansas had about 47,000 slaves. Thus the income from the public lands last year would have emancipated all these human beings, and have added Arkansas to the Free States of the Union. The surplus revenue now in the Treasury of the United States, mostly derived from these lands, would emancipate all the slaves in Missouri. We might go on in this way, freeing a slave State once in two years, without adding to the taxation of the Union.

Taking the number of Slaves in 1850, according to the Census, the Southern States would receive the following sums, allowing them \$250 per head for the emancipation of their slave population:

States.	No. of Slaves.	Compensation.
Virginia, . . .	472,528	\$118,132,000
South Carolina, . . .	384,984	96,246,000
Georgia, . . .	381,682	95,420,500
Alabama, . . .	342,892	85,723,000
Mississippi, . . .	309,878	77,470,500
North Carolina, . . .	288,548	72,137,000
Louisiana, . . .	244,809	61,202,250
Tennessee, . . .	239,460	59,865,000
Kentucky, . . .	210,981	52,745,250
Maryland, . . .	90,368	22,592,000
Missouri, . . .	87,422	21,855,500
Texas, . . .	58,161	14,540,250
Arkansas, . . .	47,100	11,775,000
Florida, . . .	39,309	9,827,250
Dist. Columbia, . . .	3,687	921,750
Delaware, . . .	2,290	572,500

The amounts thus received by the several Southern States would not represent all the pecuniary compensation which they would realize from emancipation. The extinction of slavery would open the flood gates of free labor and its fertilizing and ingenious industry. Vast numbers of intelligent and vigorous men from the North and from Europe would pour into Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and other Southern States, and create a great demand and value for their lands. Those in Missouri, for instance, would advance to the price at

which the same quality is now sold in Iowa. Real estate in Kentucky would rise to the Ohio standard. Land in Virginia would sell for as much as that of the same capacity of production in Pennsylvania. It would be a moderate estimate to assume, that emancipation, as soon as declared, would double the value of all the lands in the Southern States. This in most cases would constitute a larger pecuniary consideration than the several amounts of money received for the manumission of their slaves, as will be seen from the following figures, taking the valuation of their farms as given by the Census of 1850.

States.	Additional value of Farms.	Money Compensation.	Tot. Am. for each Slave.
Virginia, . . .	\$216,401,543	\$118,132,000	\$708
South Carolina, . . .	82,431,684	96,246,000	464
Georgia, . . .	95,753,445	95,420,500	500
Alabama, . . .	64,323,224	85,723,000	437
Mississippi, . . .	54,738,634	77,470,500	391
North Carolina, . . .	47,891,766	72,137,000	485
Louisiana, . . .	75,814,398	61,202,250	560
Tennessee, . . .	97,851,212	59,865,000	657
Kentucky, . . .	155,021,262	52,745,250	984
Maryland, . . .	87,178,545	22,592,000	1,214
Missouri, . . .	63,225,543	21,855,500	982
Texas, . . .	16,550,008	14,540,250	534
Arkansas, . . .	15,265,245	11,775,000	574
Florida, . . .	6,323,109	9,827,250	400
Dist. Columbia, . . .	1,730,460	921,750	720
Delaware, . . .	18,880,031	572,500	850

Those States whose lands would be the most speedily and largely increased in value by the act of Emancipation, are Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, because their climate and soil are the best adapted to free white labor. If slavery were abolished within their borders, the streams of emigration from the Eastern States and from Europe would pour in upon them, occupying and fertilizing their waste or exhausted lands, and diffusing the genius and vigor of agricultural and mechanical skill and industry throughout the community. All their silent or idle rivers and streams would be set to the music of machinery; and manufactories for working into full value the products of their fields, mines and forests, would line their valleys, each surrounded by a white and thrifty village. The Atlantic ports of the South would be whitened by the canvass of all nations, and ships laden with emigrants from England, France and Germany, would disembark their freights of human industry on their wharves. One day's journey by railroad from Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah or Mobile, would take the European farmer to the place of his destination. With all the attractions which those States would possess, if freed from slavery, it must seem a moderate estimate to every candid mind, to assume that their lands would be

merely doubled in value by the act of emancipation. Admitting this small ratio of enhancement, we have two positive pecuniary considerations operating upon every slave State in favor of emancipation. For example, the act by doubling the value of the farming lands of Virginia, would add over \$216,000,000 to the wealth of that State. Then she would receive \$118,000,000 in money from the National Treasury, as compensation for manumitting her slaves. Putting this and that together, she would realize \$334,000,000 at once from emancipation on the terms proposed. This would be equal to \$700 per head for the slaves, taking young and old, sick and disabled; which must be at least twice their average value. Take the case of Missouri, with its vast expanse of uncultivated and low-priced lands, all adapted to free white labor. In the census of 1850, the value of her farms is set down at \$63,325,543, although her territory contains 41,623,680 acres, thus averaging only about \$1 50 per acre for the whole area of the State. Every intelligent Missourian must see, that this is an exceedingly meagre value for a vast landed estate, containing as many arable acres to the square mile as any State in the Union. It must be difficult for him to account for this fact, except from the existence of slavery. To say that the honorable and equitable extinction of this system would double, treble or quadruple the worth of the lands in Missouri, must be a moderate estimate of their enhancement in his view. But, assuming that the act would only *double* the present value of those lands, there would be over \$63,000,000 added at once to the wealth of Missouri, from this source of increased prosperity. Then she would receive from the National Treasury about \$22,000,000 for the emancipation of her slaves; making an aggregate consideration of \$85,000,000 for manumitting 87,000 slaves, or nearly \$1,000 per head. But every well-informed and candid Missourian, who fully understands the natural resources of his State, its peculiar location and relationship, must surely admit that emancipation would *quadruple*, in five years, the present value of its lands, thus increasing its wealth by \$200,000,000. This amount, even without any compensation from the National Treasury, would be equal to \$2,000 per head for every emancipated slave.

Another source of material wealth which may be justly added to the other considerations in favor of emancipation, is the rise of real estate in towns and villages, which would inevitably and immediately result from the act. In the foregoing estimates, its effect upon *farming* lands only has been

noticed. The value of these, for purely agricultural purposes, it has been assumed, would be doubled. But extinguish slavery in the Southern States, and thousands and tens of thousands of acres along their sea-coasts and river-shores would be sold by the foot instead of the acre, and for a price approaching to that of building sites in Chicago, St. Pauls, Milwaukee, and other Western towns. Emancipation would raise up thousands of thrifty villages south of Mason and Dixon's line, which land would be sold for \$1000 per acre. Ten times the amount of land thus sold for city and village sites, would be increased to tenfold their present value by their proximity to these new markets and centres of population and trade.

These are some of the leading *pecuniary* inducements which would operate upon the great majority in the Southern States in favor of emancipation. Thousands of their most intelligent minds must be prepared to appreciate these material considerations; as well as those of higher importance, founded in the moral well-being of the community in which they dwell. Make the offer suggested, and these material and moral considerations would inevitably and at once divide the whole population of every Southern State into two great parties, one for emancipation, the other for the retention of slavery. An immediate and general discussion would ensue, and the final issue of it could not be doubtful.

Doubtless thousands of good and true men in the North, as well as a majority of the Southern people have come to regard emancipation in the West Indies as a partial or utter failure, so far as relates to the habits and condition of the colored people on those islands. Having arrived at this conclusion, they easily and naturally adopt the idea, that the same failure would attend the manumission of the slaves of the United States. We fully believe that both the premise and conclusion in this case are incorrect and mistaken. In the first place, no true friend of freedom and justice should admit or regard emancipation in the West Indies as a failure; but if it were proved to be a failure, that would not be an evidence that the same or a similar result would attend the experiment in the United States. We cannot here bring forward the facts connected with the condition of the West Indies prior and subsequent to emancipation. Two or three may be succinctly stated. For at least a century previous to this event, the proprietors of the cotton and sugar plantations on those islands were the worst kind of *absentees*. They mostly resided in England, squandering at fashionable watering-places

all they could drain from estates they seldom, if ever, visited, and which were managed by a posse of attorneys, clerks, and overseers, who, in their turn, put them through the process of a second draining to fill their pockets. A far better system of *absenteeism* and proxy managing than this almost ruined Ireland, involving a great portion of its lands in such heavy indebtedness, that Government had at last to cut the meshes of incumbrance, and force the mortgaged estates into liquidation and sale. For many years prior to emancipation, the crops of most of the West Indian plantations were mortgaged at seed time, to capitalists or merchants in England, for advances made at Jewish rates of interest. In the hands of these sharpers, cotton and sugar were sold like forfeited goods in the pawnbroker's shop. If there had never been a slave in the West Indies, this system would have inevitably terminated in a smashing break-down. And that break-down came. Even emancipation could not prevent it, nor could it expedite the issue.

Now, would emancipation in the United States find the planters of the South in this condition? Have they pursued a system of *absenteeism* like that described? Have they for years been rolling and lolling in indolence and dissipation at watering-places, three thousand miles distant from their estates? Have they been in the habit of pawning their crops, ere sown, in the shaving shops of English cotton brokers or capitalists for advances at ruinous rates, perhaps to be spent at the dice-box or card table? Have they thus meshed their estates with mortgages beyond extrication? No; far from it, every candid mind must admit. There is hardly any economical analogy between the planters of the West Indies and those of the Southern States, considering their condition prior to emancipation. There would doubtless be far less parity of condition after the act of manumission; even if we assume that the compensation *per slave* were exactly equal in the two cases. The British Government paid \$100,000,000 for the liberation of about 800,000 bond men, women and children, or about \$125 per head. The United States Government pays \$875,000,000 for the manumission of 3,500,000. Every dollar of this vast sum would go directly to the Southern States, adding so much virtually to their wealth; constituting so much money capital in the hands of the planters, wherewith to commence the economy of free labor production; wherewith to recover their estates to more than original fertility, and to hire free sinews for their cultivation. Compare this condition with that of the West Indies. Nearly every pound sterling of the compensation allowed by the British

Government was retained in England, in the hands of the *absentee* proprietors, their creditors and Parliamentary agents. Hardly a dollar of the amount granted ever found its way to the plantations thus bled to death's door beyond the sea. Is there not a difference here upon which a different result of emancipation may be predicted in favor of our Southern States? But there is another difference in their favor of vast importance. In the plan already developed and presented to the public, it is proposed that the American planters shall receive \$250 instead of \$125, for the emancipation of their slaves. Now would it not be a preposterous apprehension on their part to fear a West India break-down as the result of emancipation, with this enormous sum in their hands?

Then there is another grand difference of position in favor of the Southern States. Under slavery or freedom, there could be comparatively no emigration of free laborers from Europe to the West Indies. Thus the enhancement of the price of lands in those islands must depend mostly upon the ability of the emancipated slaves to purchase and till them profitably. On the other hand, there is nothing but the existence of slavery in the Southern States that turns away from their borders the gulf-stream of that immigration which would else overspread their territory and occupy and enrich their thinly settled and impoverished lands. Doubtless every acre in Virginia or Missouri would be trebled in value to-morrow, if it could be made certain to-day that slavery in those States would be abolished in the course of five years. Thus emancipation, according to the plan proposed, would put into the hands of the Southern States nearly \$900,000,000 in ready money. Then it would at least double the value of their farms, estimated in 1850 at \$1,119,000,000. Here are about \$2,000,000,000, as the pecuniary result of emancipation to the Southern States, without counting other sources of income and prosperity which the measure would produce.

We now come to notice briefly the common argument or impression, that the manumitted slaves will not work for the stimulus of wages; that they will sink down into drivelling indolence and barbarism, if released from the sting of the lash. The West Indies experiment is brought forward to sustain this conclusion. There the emancipated Africans cannot be hired to work; they will see the sugar plantations ruined for labor, before they will supply it with their own hands. We think it quite likely that this is true. We hope it is at least. We hope that the miserly pittance

of a shilling a day, offered by the *ci-devant* slaveholders of Jamaica or Barbadoes, will never hire many freed men to labor for their former masters, either in those islands or in our Southern States. They never will do it, we are confident, after having been able to buy or rent two or three acres of land. We believe that the charge of incorrigible indolence brought against the *emancipados* of the West Indies to be a libel on the truth. It is the brutal verdict of the old dilapidated plantation. It is the item wherewith the deficit is balanced in the inventory of hogsheads of sugar. Again we express our hope that men freed from slavery will not work for a shilling a day, either in the West Indies or the United States. We do not believe that our Southern planters would have the face to ask even a slave to work for that price, and board himself. There are thousands and tens of thousands of slaves hired from their owners in the Southern States at the rate of from \$100 to \$200 a year, to be fed, clothed and housed by the employer. On an average, \$12 a month are paid for their labor, over and above the expense of their food, clothing, &c. In hundreds of cases, their employers give them a chance to earn something for themselves, as a special stimulus to their industry. They find this good policy, and are willing to pay 50 cents a day to the owner of the slave, and 25 or 50 more to the slave himself for the work he may accomplish by extra exertion from sun to sun. It is the work he wants, and the extra half dollar he pays to the slave for it, is a profitable investment. Thus, there is but little danger that the planters of the South would force their former slaves into West India idleness by offering them only a shilling a day for their labor. We would earnestly commend this consideration to the attention of those who have honestly apprehended such a result.

Since the rapid and wonderful settlement of California, and the still more remarkable movements of the population of Eastern Asia, the Chinese have formed no inconsiderable stream of that broad river of emigration which is now pouring nearly half a million of human beings yearly upon the Atlantic and Pacific shores of this continent. Considering the vast population of China, and the sudden opening of the great empire; the condition of the people; their struggle for sustenance, and the miserly pittance of food on which they subsist, and the facility with which they might be imported into the United States, the question has been naturally suggested, whether or not these Asiatic myriads might not be profitably substituted for the African race in the Southern States.

This question has been seriously discussed. The central fact of the proposition is this; that the Chinese are to be substituted for the Africans, at least in a far higher condition of freedom than it is thought safe to concede to the latter. Doubtless all the Southern planters, who have considered this suggestion, have concluded that these Chinese laborers must not be literally bought, and sold, and flogged as slaves; that they must be paid after a certain rate for their toil; that they must be allowed a considerable scope and verge of liberty. Now, then, *cui bono*? What earthly advantage could accrue to the Southern States from the change of races on their soil? Draft a thousand of common field-hands from any dozen plantations, and set them front to front with the same number of these Asiatic pagans, and see which would show the greatest aptitude and fitness for the culture of cotton, corn, or sugar. In what one quality of disposition, or of physical constitution, would the Chinese be preferable? Could they perform more work per day? Would they be more tractable or faithful in-doors or out-doors? Would the moral atmosphere of their life and habits be more congenial and agreeable? Could they be taken safely into more intimate personal relations and intercourse with the planters and their families, as trusty and affectionate servants? In complexion, features, and form, in voice and language, would they be less exposed to prejudice, and more easily amalgamated with the native white population, and more speedily Americanized and Christianized? These are a few of the questions involved in the proposition of changing races, in order to improve the labor of the Southern States. We believe the anticipation of any benefit from such a change is a complete and utter fallacy. If the Southern planters and farmers had the range of all the races and populations of the globe, they would not find one more suited to their sun and soil than the three millions of African blood who now cultivate their fields, and serve them in every capacity of industry. The raw material of their labor is the best the world can furnish them. It is the natural, native, acclimated labor of the South, fitted to bear the heat and burthen of Southern sun and agriculture; to live and thrive where white men would droop and die. Search the earth over, and you will not find for the South labor more docile, or laborers, male and female, more capable of endurance, or more susceptible of warm and faithful attachment to their employers. Then why change them for an equal number of copper-colored pagans from China? There surely can be but one advantage anticipated from such a substitution, and that

must be predicated on the positive admission that Chinese labor would be more profitable, because it would be comparatively *free*; that, among other conditions, it would all be *hired* labor, and hired of those alone whose own sinews were to perform the work; that consequently all the capital invested in the labor bestowed on one years' crop would be the one years' wages of the men employed to plant and gather it. Now, put that consideration with another from which it cannot be disconnected, and see to what an issue we come. In order to effect this substitution, the slaves must be displaced and sent beyond the bounds of the Union, if not to Africa. On what conditions? There is not wealth enough outside of the Union, in the Western Hemisphere, to buy them, were there a disposition for it. Africa will not buy them back. The Northern States will never tax themselves to compensate the slaveholders for freeing and then banishing them, by expensive and cruel transportation. We hope our Southern brethren will believe this. The time may come, and soon, when the North, in its intense desire to extinguish forever the system of Slavery, and to lift from this great land the perilous incubus that weighs it down, may offer to share with the South the cost of emancipation; but it will be on the condition that the emancipated slaves shall not be exiled by force, as if freedom were a crime to possess, and as if they must be punished for the gift. No; if they are ever bought out of slavery, from the national treasury, they must remain in the

land of their birth, in which they have as much right to dwell as any other portion of its population, and to which their labor is indispensable and invaluable. Now, then, why not at once put them at least in the very condition in which it is proposed by some southern economists to introduce the Chinese? On what possible ground can you apprehend that it would be unsafe to give to the men and women born on your plantations, that degree of freedom which you would accord to those idolatrous foreigners from Asia? Would you prefer Chinese labor because it would be *free*, and easily obtained on hire? Then *free* the human sinews you have bought, and which you hold as property, and you will have the best, most natural, faithful and trusty laborers the world can yield you. You have seen, by many and various experiments, how the slave will work, when you bring him partially under the influence of hope and reward; when you allow him a chance to purchase, by an extra effort, a few hours daily, in which he may work for wages. Give him all the hours of the day, and bring to bear upon him all the aims and impulses that stimulate freemen, and prove what he will do in that condition. It is the only one that can raise the labor of the South to the standard of that which enriches and elevates the free States. Whenever our Southern brethren are ready for this step, they will find a large and generous co-operation on the part of the North.

THE LOTTERY DIAMOND.—What is the story attached to this diamond? And in whose possession is it at present?

[This is called the Pigot diamond, weight 47 1-2 carats, for the disposal of which a lottery was permitted Jan. 2, 1801; it was afterwards sold at Christie's auction for 9500 guineas, May 10, 1802, and knocked down to Messrs. Parker & Birketts, pawnbrokers, of Princes Street. It is stated in *The Times* of May 12, 1802, that Mr. Christie gave a very ingenious history of this celebrated jewel. Has this notice been printed? His poetic recommendation of this gem is thus reported in the *Annual Register* of 1802, p. 401: "Its owners were unfortunate in its being brought to a market where its worth might not be sufficiently valued, where the charms of the fair needed not such ornaments, and whose sparkling eyes outshone all the diamonds of Golconda. In any other country, the Pigot diamond would be sought as a distinction, where superior beauty

was more rarely to be found." The last notice of this diamond that occurs to us is the statement in the *Gent. Mag.* for Nov. 1804, p. 1061, where it is said "that the Pigot diamond has been purchased to form a part of Madame Bonaparte's necklace." Mawe, however, in his *Treatise on Diamonds*, edit. 1824, p. 43, has given the following particulars of this diamond: "The Pigot diamond is a brilliant of great surface both in table and girdle, but is considered not of sufficient depth. Its weight is 49 carats. This gem is valued at £40,000; and was, about twenty years ago, made the subject of a public lottery. It became the property of a young man, who sold it at a low price. It was again disposed of, and afterwards passed into the possession of a jeweller in the city [London?], and is said to have been lately sold to the Pacha of Egypt for £30,000. It may justly be called a diamond of the first water, and rank among the finest in Europe."—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Spectator.

THE NEW POWER IN EUROPE.

THE present state of affairs on the Continent suggests the existence of some influence which is not generally recognized though its power must be overruling and its operation universal. It is not seen, yet it reverses the councils of Governments which appear to be supreme; it disregards equally public opinion and the interests of the states in which it has its agents. The monetary condition of France and of Northern Europe draws attention once more to the irregular and dangerous speculation which the most powerful man in Europe tries in vain to curb: it would seem that there is some power greater than he, irresponsible, and absolute; and when we turn to ascertain the fact, we are not long in discovering at least enough to create uneasiness and to demand scrutiny. We perceive some corroborative proof that such an influence does exist, that its power is becoming supreme, that it is now doing mischief, and that it may become dangerous alike to the material condition, the political independence, and the domestic order of states. Nor are we speaking of any imaginary or mere "moral" influence; we speak of a powerful combination more than political, more personal than a congress of diplomatists or princes.

The Emperor Napoleon has long been engaged in the endeavor to draw out the enterprise of his subjects; and the effect throughout France is great. Any traveller in the most outlying provinces perceives a remarkable change in the aspect, action, and condition of the people. The trading classes, as well as the industrial classes, are animated by a spirit of energy hitherto unknown to the Celtic population. They have learned not only to employ their time with more vigor but to employ their savings—to venture that which they once hoarded! In that economical sense France was almost a virgin soil, and the effect is described by the traveller as marvellous. Thus far a blessed change. But look beyond. The very capitalists who fostered if they did not implant the idea in the Imperial mind have seized the same opportunity to project movements for the further development of capital, its power and productivity. The great speculator in this sense differs in some degree from the ordinary trader. The money-merchant obtains his

profit entirely from the simple act of exchange, and he does so equally whether the original holders are profiting in the transaction or not. He may be the broker between two communities who are ruining each other, and build his fortune upon their downfall. And the individual trader in this merchandise will be instigated principally by the desire to grasp large and prompt profits. He is not a safe counsellor for those who have in charge the permanent interests of states. For the welfare of a community, immensely accumulated wealth, hoards of gold, are not so essential as well-diffused supplies of the necessities of life and its enjoyments. But the same movement which gave an impulse to the commercial spirit in France made the largest opening that the world has ever seen for a forward movement of great capitalists; and they have snatched it. Alarmed at the vast proportions which these joint-stock combinations have attained in France, the Emperor and his political Ministers have issued their protest against excesses in that direction; they have followed up protests with restrictive imposts; but still the movement goes on.

The commercial activity directed to the development of real trade would with as much steadiness as rapidly increase the available means of the French people; would make them more independent of the casualties of the seasons; would make them more comfortable, more orderly, more capable of supporting their ruler, more obedient to his decrees. It is easily to be understood why the Emperor Napoleon desires to add that element of English order to the military capabilities and energy of the French. He has in great part succeeded. But the excess of speculation invoked by those who have stood ready to take advantage of the impulse has, again in the present moment as it did in the autumn of last year, threatened to defeat the improvement by over-doing it: and we in England are under the same commercial pressure which visited us in the autumn. At the same time, there appears to be no suspense in developing, extending, and multiplying the immense joint-stock combinations which the French Emperor has endeavored to restrain; though at such a time such operations ought to be entirely suspended. We see on the stocks the new International Society of Commercial Credit, whose founders

are connected with the great money corporations in every capital of Europe—the banks of France, England, Amsterdam, &c.

The list of the Council of Administration of the grand Company lies before us. Of the great Russian Railway Company half of the members short of one are Russians, and the greater number in that half are Councillors of State and officers in the service of the Emperor Alexander. In that *Russian* half, however, we see the name of "Thomas Baring, banker in London." The other half consists of men whose names are well known in every capital: S. Gwyer, Member of the Council of Commerce; Earnest Sillem, a partner in the house of Hope and Co. at Amsterdam; Guillaume Borski, banker in Amsterdam; Francis Baring, banker in London; Henri Hottinguer, banker in Paris; Isaac Pereire, Administrator of the Paris and Lyons Railway; Baron Seillère, banker in Paris; M. Auguste Thurneysen, Administrator of the West of France Railway; and M. Louis Fould, brother of the well-known state financier. Some of these are the names we so constantly encounter in that comparatively small list of men who are administering the greatest financial operations in Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, and London. The object of this company is to take forty-five millions of capital,—a sum which could easily be raised for a reproductive purpose, but which they intend to sink in railways through the Russian deserts; while the actual state of the whole world—of Europe, England, America, and the far East—proves that we cannot spare that forty-five millions, nor even the first instalment of it. Yet these few gentlemen, who rule the world at present, have determined that it shall be taken, despite the Emperor of the French, the Bank of England, or the commercial public of this country.

It is said that the position of M. de Morny is not satisfactory either to the Emperor of All the Russias or to the Emperor of the French: but M. de Morny is fulfilling a career which has become independent of emperors. He has attached himself to the Grand Council of the International Finance: and it is that Grand Council at present which arranges the affairs of the world by the power of the purse, let Potentates and Parliaments think what they may. The

Emperor of the French is at present engaged in attempting to restrain the use of fictitious titles—counties, viscounties, and baronies—baubles at which the aristocracy of wealth may laugh. The power of that order, which is the more powerful because its members are comparatively limited, proceeds in its action independently of these ordinary political movements, and shows itself pursuing its course uninterrupted, undiverted, whatever may be the state of the commercial world, whatever may be the mood of the Imperial mind, whatever may be the action of ordinary statesmen.

We are not considering the diversion of capital, the dangers that may arise from over-speculation, the ruin that may visit shareholders in these huge joint-stock companies, from which the directors always withdraw before the crash. We are not considering the commercial disturbance, created by the necessity which is forced upon Europe just at present, of undergoing a high rate of interest for ordinary commercial accommodation, while millions are lavished upon the fancies or the schemes of those millionaire statesmen. We are simply considering the magnitude and the independence of that power of combined millions. It is a new administration in the world. The names most conspicuous in it are remarkable for certain characteristics. Read them again,—Rothschild, Baring, Stieglitz, Pereire, Hottinguer, and Fould; with a second order, comprising the Weguelins, the Hopes, and the Seillères. They form a grand council of small numbers, that could all be assembled in a dining-room. They are remarkable for being closely connected with the Governments of all the principal states in the world, while at the same time they are not closely connected with the states under those Governments. You would not accept a Baring as being peculiarly representative of England; you must choose many other names before it—the Russells, the Stanleys, the Salts, the Crawshays, Cobdens, and Tyrells. France would certainly not be represented by Pereire, no country by a Rothschild; a Steiglitz is by no means exclusively Russian, any more than Fould is French. The class is alien to any particular country, and yet is deeply rooted in the administration of each country. It can command not only a mass of capital enough to determine the

financial operations of a government, the success or failure of a state loan, but it can influence, beneficially or fatally, the course of trade, by turning upon any one branch the combined mass of capitals from states elsewhere, just as the five Potentates of Europe can muster an army which could crush the people of any one empire mutinying against any one of the five. But this grand council of millionaires has proved that it is superior to the political administration of the separate countries. It is at once alien to the aristocracy of any country, and yet becoming more powerful, and therefore more respected, than any one aristocracy. Unlike any order which we have yet seen, it has its home equally in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, or London. It is republican, but of the aristocratic republic, more close than the Grand Council

of Venice, infinitely more arbitrary. Like that commercial republic, Kings bow down to it; but the Kings that now bend are the giant Emperors of our day, not the brawling leaders of middle ages. The debates of this council are not reported; its constitution is as yet unascertained and undetermined. We feel its power before we can define it. It is independent of political councils, higher than political responsibilities, ignorant of constitutional checks. It stands confessed in the actual events of the present week; and in its independence, perhaps disregard of the interests which it overrides, it extorts from us the question, whether any account has yet been taken of the immense institution that has sprung up while emperors and common politicians were thinking to settle the world with armies and treaties?

GRIMGRIBBER AND HORNE TOOKE.—Grim-gribber is probably Grim-gripper or griper.

When Tooke, stung with the recollection of his sufferings, as "the miserable victim of two prepositions and a conjunction," used this word in the following passage, he had perhaps in his recollection the subsequent quotation from Steele. Can any of the readers of "N. & Q." furnish an earlier instance? or is Tom the coiner of the word?—

"Mankind in general are not sufficiently aware that words without meaning, or of equivocal meaning, are the everlasting engines of fraud and injustice; and that the *Grim-gribber* of Westminster Hall is a more fertile and much more formidable source of imposture than the *abracadra* of Magicians."—*Div. of Pur.*, vol. I., p. 75., 4to ed.

In Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, Myrtle, for purposes of deception, personates the voluble counsellor *Bramble* (for the one party to a proposed marriage settlement), and *Tom*, a shrewd servant, personates a stuttering serjeant, *Target* (for the other). An old lady says:

"The single question is, Whether the entail is such, that my cousin, Sir Geoffrey, is necessary in this affair?"

"*Bramb.* Yes, as to the Lordship of Tretreplet, but not as to the Messuage of *Grim-gribber*."

"*Targ.* I say that *Gr—Gr*, that *Gr—Gr—Grimgribber*, *Grimgribber* is in us."

And whenever "Tom" (*Target*) can get in a word, he repeats—

"Sir *Gr—Gr—is*"—

And when the scene is at an end, he says, triumphantly—

"I pinched him to the quick about that *Gr—Gr—ber*."

Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, Act III., Sc. 1.
Notes and Queries.

WHAT WAS THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WEATHER AT THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR?—It is well known that in Great Britain, and other countries not then under cultivation, the temperature is at present much warmer than at the time of the birth of Christ; but there is no reason to believe that it has changed in Palestine. The following is from Dr. Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, vol. II., p. 462.:

"The cold of winter in Palestine is not severe, and the ground is never frozen. Snow falls more or less. In the low-lying plains but little falls, and it disappears early in the day; in the higher lands, as at Jerusalem, it often falls, chiefly in January and February, to the depth of a foot or more; but even then it does not lie long on the ground."

There has been much dispute as to the time of the year our Saviour was born. The fact that the shepherds were tending their flocks in the open air is no argument against its occurring in the winter. I suppose the point cannot be now decided. That the Jews were acquainted with sharp frosts is evident from Psalm CXLVII. verses 16, 17, 18.—*Notes and Queries.*